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Cams

[image]

The week after entrance exams:

Aizawa sighed. The bell had rung, releasing the brats nine minutes ago. It was the second day of school and he already had a migraine. He rubbed his burning eyes before sliding out of his seat and grabbing his yellow sleeping bag.

He then turned and snatched his satchel and began putting papers in. As the homeroom teacher and main coordinator of Class 1A he has to set up hero studies, projects, and trips to insure that the next batch of heros are ready for the real world.

But this year, he had an idea. He knew that the real world was a terrifying place for young kids, so he planned on asking Nezu to install security cameras into the student's costumes. Nezu, Power Loader, and him had talked through the pros and cons to adding them.

Finally, they all agreed and Power Loader got to work.

Today, Aizawa got a text from the groupchat saying the first batch was done and ready to be approved. This meant Aizawa had to take time out of his afternoon napping session to go babysit a rouge inventor and a rat.

His students shall not die by explosive cameras.

He slung his satchel over his shoulder and went on his way to Nezu's lair.

When he reached the door, he opened it without walking and set his things down on the ground haphazardly. He was in a bad mood.

He was tired.

Walking to the couch in the middle of the room, Aizawa plopped

down on and ignored the other two adults. Nezu sighed and waddled over to sit next to Aizawa, motioning for Power Loader to bring the gadget.

Power Loader complied.

He sat across from his coworker and boss, into a dark grey chair and leaned over to set the thing on the coffee table.

"Do this as fast as possible." Aizawa said, rubbing his temples as he glanced at the small camera.

"Ah, okay." Power Loader began. "So I guess I'll go over their restrictions first. I know we wanted to insure privacy is kept for our students, yet remain not a hassle. You said your kids wouldn't remember to turn them on or off, so they do so automatically when their heart rate changes and breathing increases or becomes irregular. Nezu can also access them whenever necessary if he needs to see the location of a student." There was a pause as the hero begins pulling out blueprints and notes.

"I also made them so that only Nezu and their homeroom teacher can access the famer--in this case it will be you, Aizawa and Vlad for his class."

Aizawa grunted, kicking his feet out, his ankles now crossed.

"The camera's sensors will not turn on as the students are changing, as the camera's are small enough to be threaded into the clothing and programed to understand the student's suit to the point it can send information to Nezu if the suit is destroyed and the student is possibly injured. The camera relies on understanding the suit and the student's habits over time. It should get precise as training and time progresses--um." Power Loader leans back, flipping his notebook page with calloused hands.

"Will the student's be able to take the camera's off?" Asked Aizawa. Since it was still the beginning of the year, Aizawa doesn't know if he has any DIY students.

"Uhm...no. They can't be taken off of the costume unless a discharge

button is pressed. In their last year at UA if they want them off, Nezu can press said button and it will fall right off."

Aizawa nods, and Nezu laughs.

"Okay," Nezu creepily smiles, "so far I think the idea is good and the product is better. I don't have any questions as it seems you've thought of everything. But please leave your notes, I would like to give them a once-over."

Aizawa grumbles.

Power Loader, who has now broken a small sweat, quickly throws his notes at Nezu before asking if the chimera wants to keep the small device.

Nezu agrees, wanting to give the device a thorough check.

Aizawa trusts these people fully.

Usually.

So he decides to go home and enjoy a nap before his patrol later tonight. Though the nap will be slightly shorter than usual, he is still happy to get one.

Nezu and Power Loader have the kid's best interests in mind while creating the cameras and installing them. Hence Aizawa feels more relieved than ever.

Visiting

Ever since rescuing Eri, she became more attached to Mirio. Some teachers believed it was a form of guilty attachment, and others believed he was an impactful role model.

Or perhaps it was both.

But Mirio currently couldn't attend hero work, it was considered unsafe as he wasn't trained in intense hand-to-hand combat.

He was trained, just not to the point of ultimate reliance on his own skills rather than his quirk.

So Eri and him were conjoined at the hip. She would follow him around like a lost puppy, and he saw her as the little sister he never had. Mirio would often pick her up when they were in large crowds or around new people, because she had anxiety. Sometimes meeting new people would set her on edge and she would begin to shake, however his presence soothed her.

With Mirio, she knew she was safe.

And recently, she had been able to spend more time with Deku too!

He even told her his real name, which confused her a lot.

Some people have three names!

Eri found this fact cool enough to tell Aizawa--who whispered a very big secret to her. His secret name was Eraserhead.

Eri was so overjoyed that she wanted her own third name. The Pro-Hero had asked her what she wanted to be when she grew up, and she blurted out that her dream job was to become a hero. Much like Lemillion.

"*Only I'll save three gazillion!"* She bragged one time.

Aizawa smiled and rubbed her hair, telling her that when she is older, she can pick out her own name. She groaned before seeing her favorite television show begin playing and ran off. Her growing mind seemed to forget the desire for a third name for the time being.

But today, Eri was excited. Not only was she with Mirio, but she was also going to see Deku! Mr. Deku had told her that she would see a couple of his friends as well. Afterall, UA was trying to slowly get Eri accustomed to new people she could trust.

She giddly ran in front of Mirio and up the ramp to class 1A's dorm. She knocked a five sequence pattern on the door as she bounced in excitement.

Not a second later, Midoriya opened the door, grinning from ear to ear. He too was excited. Eri hopped up and wrapped her arms around his leg. She was still slightly too short to give him a proper hug unless he squatted down.

She buzzed with excitement and Midoriya chuckled at the sight. Mirio finally caught up to the two and walked around the two. "C'mon Eri, let's bake some cookies!" Mirio said, pumping his fists in the air and hopping slightly.

"Yay!!" Screamed Eri, as she jumped away from Midoriya and ran after Mirio, who was turning the corner, entering the kitchen.

Midoriya chuckled. He was so glad that they saved Eri.

"Who are they, Mr. Deku?" Eri asked, pulling on the leg of Midoriya's pants. She was standing in-between Midoriya and Mirio, and across from a very tall individual and a very tired individual.

Midoriya squatted down next to her, pointing to the taller stranger.

Mirio walked over to greet the fellow Class 1A student.

"The tall one with brown hair is Sato. He's one of the nicest people in the *world."* Midoriya emphasized by wiggling his fingers to portray magic. Leaning his head towards her, he whispered another sentence. "And he helped me bake your candied apples back at the School Festival." Eri gasped, covering her mouth with the palms of her hands.

She had definitely gained more expressions in the recent months.

"And he," Midoriya turned his finger away from Sato, who was in the middle of a conversation with Mirio, and pointed at his friend, "is Shinso--one of my best friends. He loves to taste-test."

Eri smiled, and Midoriya stood up. Midoriya and Shinso made eye-contact and Midoriya nodded. Shinso pursed his lips before turning to the kid who was making her way towards him.

Once she got three feet away, she stopped. Shinso kneeled down to be able to talk to her easier. The kid was cute, he'll give her that.

"Hi! My name's Eri!" She laughed, waving her hand.

Awkwardly, Shinso returned the wave, before replacing his hand back on his knee. "M' name's Shinso."

They continued to talk to each other for a few minutes.

Midoriya smiled from a distance. Ever since the Sport's Festival, Shinso and him had been practically inseparable.

Midoriya had seen his past self inside Shinso. The purple haired boy's actions screamed that he was untrusting.

Untrusting of people.

Untrusting of UA.

Untrusting of Hero Course students.

Untrusting of quirks.

But Midorya also felt he had something in common with Shinso. So he acted on instinct and befriended the teen.

Slowly but surely they grew closer and finally Shinso stopped trying to avoid the greenette.

After a few weeks into their friendship, Shinso opened up about the bullying he endured growing up. The bullying he endured because of his quirk.

"I used to pray that I would be quirkless." He said one night, while they were leaning on the couch of Class 1C.

However his observant self noticed Midoriya flinched softly at the statement. He decided to ask about it only to be informed that quirkless kids get treated like dirt.

"*I'm--I was uh, you know--I was a late bloomer. Never, uhm, my quirk never developed until the day before the entrance exam..."* Midoriya mumbled.

This was news to Shinso, but ever since their confessions, everything seemed to go a lot smoother.

But Shinso still confided in Midoriya, meaning Midoriya knew Shinso's doubts.

And one of those included never being able to feel useful. Afterall, growing up he had only ever been told he was loved by one person--his father. And after elementary and middle school, his classmates had installed the idea that he was a mistake.

A mistake that no one would ever like.

Midoriya decided to introduce the concept of "ride-or-die" friendships to an emotionally stunted Shinso.

Midoriya, who was also emotionally stunted from bullying throughout childhood, only knew one form of friendship.

"Support your friend or die trying to."

Midoriya was no expert. But he knew Shinso needed more friends and assurance that he was a desired citizen in the world--soon to be a desired hero.

And the first step was Sato.

Well the thought process behind Sato was that he could cook.

And Shinso liked to eat.

As an added plus, Mirio had texted the greenette, saying that the teachers talked about slowly introducing her to more people and building bonds with others.

Hence now three emotionally stunted kids are making cookies while Sato supervises and Mirio holds an electronic beater.

"Wait no, the recipe called for 2 and 1/4 cups of flour." Midoriya mumbled.

Eri tilted her head in confusion. "Cups?"

There was a pause.

"Like a water cup?" Eri prodded, from her spot standing on a wooden chair. She was too short to reach the counter otherwise.

"You Idiot! You used the imperial system's version." Shinso yelled, whacking Midoriya on the back of the head with the closest item. Thankfully, it was the cookie sheets and not the metal tray.

"I'm sorry!" Whined Midoriya.

Eri giggled as she watched the young hero rub the back of his head.

"Midoriya how did you even get your hands on an imperial system cookie recipe? We don't even have these in Japan...we use the Metric system..."

Quirkless

"So, uh...how are you feeling?" Midoriya hesitantly asked Mirio.

The two were cleaning up the area and Shinso, Sato, and Eri sat in the common room watching her favorite cartoon. Eri sat on the floor in front of Sato as he braided her hair. Shinso was holding the tutorial video on his phone and pointing out what to do next for Sato.

They were getting along excellently.

"I'm good. It--it feels weird to not *feel* Permeation though...It feels lonely in a way." Mirio says, looking down as he wipes the table.

"Yeah, I get that." Midoriya replies. But in reality he doesn't. He doesn't understand at all. He was never born with a quirk, so his body would never feel lonely in the concept of Mirio losing his quirk. Mirio lost a part of himself, Midoriya was never born with said part.

You can't lose something you never had.

And Midoriya felt the total opposite, with All Might's quirk running through his veins, he felt crowded.

If he somehow lost OFA then he would still remain Midoriya. His attachment to OFA wasn't biological, it was passed down physically.

So no, Midoriya didn't understand completely. But he still tried to.

Mirio paused from scrubbing the table and looked up, smiling. "I still have hope that I can get Permeation back though."

Midoriya, gave a watery smile back. "I have no doubt you will, Mirio." Slowly the two returned to their cleaning duties.

Mirio cleaned the table and counter as Midoriya swept the floor. They were done in less than ten minutes, where the rejoined the

insomniac, baker, and newly-braided child.

They sat in silence watching different shows, sometimes reaching over to grab a cookie from the coffee table and eating it.

"Are you sure you want to give one to Mr. Aizawa?" Asked Sato. He was guiding Eri to said teacher's dorm room while she concentrated extremely hard on not dropping the platter of chocolate chip

cookies.

"Mhm!" She hummed, eyes wide open as she practically glared down the cookies, daring them to jump off the platter.

Sato inwardly sighed before almost peeing himself.

Standing right in front of him was now a sparkly blonde teenager with a black face mask on. In the dim lighting, the face mask blended into the darkness and only the sparkly clothes, hair, and eyes were seen clearly. Sato was not expecting said person to appear from nowhere and hover next to them while on their small quest.

"Is everything okay, *mon ami*?" Asked Aoyama, his head tilted to the side slightly.

Sato breathed out a sigh of relief. Looking into the darkness, he could finally make out the definite shapes of his french classmate.

"Yes, thank you. We were just going to see Aizawa. Eri wanted to take him some cookies." Sato replied, turning slightly towards Eri, who had ended up slightly behind Sato in slight fear. But upon the friendly exchange she moved out from behind the taller's legs.

"W-would you like--would you like a cookie, sir?" She wobbly held up the platter of sweets towards the strange boy.

"Why thank you, *petite fille*." Aoyama smiled, his face mask slightly folding.

He slowly leant down and plucked off a small cookie from the top. "I will treasure it dearly." He whispered before winking. Eri felt eased at the sincerity of the sparkly boy. She beamed back up at him. "I bid you good luck on the deliverance of your cookies, *mes amies."*

And with that goodbye, the sparkly purple and white striped, pajama clad boy spun on his heel and sauntered to his room. Glitter seemingly fell from his pockets and left a trail.

Sato sighed from the exchange, glad he didn't yelp and wake up a

seperate screaming blonde.

He put his hand behind Eri, not quite touching her as he led her to Aizawa's chamber.

She bounced to the door and looked at Sato with wide eyes.

Knock on it for me, her eyes practically screamed.

Sato followed the silent orders, slightly scared.

They waited a moment, then another.

And another.

And another.

Until a grumbling was heard and the door slammed upon. An exhausted looking Aizawa rubbed his right eye and leaned on the doorway to keep balance. He was a deep sleeper, yet annoyed by any disturbance that was able to wake him.

And rightfully so.

He turned his head, scanning the are before landing on Sato.

"What the *hell* are you doing up at half past twelve and knocking on *my* door." Aizawa glares, clenching his teeth.

Sato sweat drops before stuttering out nonsense. Under the strict gaze of his teacher, he wilts and forgets why he was even there in the first place.

"Mr. Aizawa! I made cookies for you!" Eri shrieks, bouncing up and down with the platter slightly, still extremely careful not to spill anything.

Aizawa's eyes widened as he began to look down at the small child. He gives her a small smile, and takes the tray from her. "Thank you, Eri." He says softly.

Eri proudly puffs out her chest. "You're welcome!"

Aizawa looked back at Sato, eyes sharp as ever. "It's passed everyone's curfew. Bed time for you and whoever else came up with the idea." *And was stupid enough to follow through with it.*

Aizawa knew Sato was a good, gentle kid. So he assumed Midoriya and Mirio were planning activities for Eri again. It wasn't the first time they've done something for the sole purpose of showing Eri how it's okay to be a kid. A week ago, they took her to a roller skating rink and taught her some tips. Midnight was the chaperone. And that was the last time Midnight was allowed off campus with Eri without another adult's supervision.

No one got hurt though, thank goodness.

"Come on, Eri. Time for you to go to sleep. Crawl on my bed and I'll tuck you in tonight." Aizawa led her into his room but not before sending a final glare to Sato.

Sato shivered and turned to leave.

Aizawa was one of the primary caretakers of Eri anyways.

"*But where will you sleep, Mr. Aizawa?"* Asked Eri from behind the door.

"*I have my sleeping bag. Beds are for princesses."*

Bullets

"Did you find anything new?" A chimera asks his accomplice.

"Nothing more than you suspected. It is truly a gene-altering drug. It goes through every single cell's DNA and deletes the code itself. It isn't a matter of being quirkless with this bullet, it's a matter of being gene-less." Recoverly girl pulled away from her table. Her notes were neatly laid on the desk along with her pink and red pens. She moved over to adjust her projector. It was rigged to the microscope. She'd have to thank Power Loader for the device. It made presenting easier.

Way easier.

She rolled back to the desk, watching Nezu gently pick up her files and look through the notes along the margins.

He nodded to himself, "thank you Recovery Girl. Do we know how many bullets are left?" He looked the older woman in the eyes .

She answered quickly . "Two. The one taken apart and tested was the third. We're lucky a fellow hero snatched the box."

"Indeed." Nezu bobbed his head up and down. He held up the files in his paw. "Can I borrow these for a bit?" Recovery girl hummed an answer, already refocusing on the drug.

It was a fascinating invention . She wanted to know the nooks and crannies of the capsule.

Nezu chuckled at her concealed excitement , before slowly walking out of the room, papers in hand.

The UA hero's were all gathered in Nezu's office before school the next day.

"Emergency meeting" Nezu had told them.

"Dont be late." He had said.

"I'm serious Aizawa. You need to come." Nezu bellowed through the private phone call he had with the sleep-deprived teacher who hadn't confirmed receiving the message in the staff groupchat.

So there he was, sitting to the direct side of Nezu, annoyed at having to be accross the table from All Might.

Sure the oaf saved people, but Aizawa personally doesn't care for the loud man.

Aizawa stays clear from loud, moving objects. Specifically loud, moving, blonde objects.

"So, is everyone present?" Nezu murdered, running through a roll call in his head. Yup, everyone was there.

"Okay, Recovery Girl and I have been researching the drug found at the 8 Precept's base. We found out that it is indeed a 'Quirk-erasing drug.'" Nezu paused to look around the table.

Aizawa ignored the rat looking at him as he did so.

Aizawa was beyond annoyed anyways.

"Our job, as heros, is to decide what the best course of action will be reguardning these drugs. There are two left."

"Can we just destroy them?" Asked Vlad, leaning back in his chair.

"We don't necessarily know every chemical agent used in these drugs. They might be harmful to the civilians or environment if the drugs aren't destroyed properly." Nezu shut down.

Vlad nodded, mulling over Nezu's words carefully. He agreed, having not thought of that specific aspect.

Present Mic looked at Nezu. "Yo, would it be okay if we just lock it up, man?"

"And risk it being stolen?" Nezu questioned. Aizawa scoffed at the stupidity in the room.

However this was brainstorming time. And no one is judged for brainstorming and thinking of possible scenarios. So Nezu smacked the back of Aizawa's head, earning an "oof" from the insomniac.

Aizawa glared at Nezu, impossibly further annoyed.

"Wait. Hear me out for this, it's just a thought. What if we use it?" Asked Snipe hesitantly.

"--That is probably unethical." Inserted Hound-Dog, shaking his head. He was leaned forward in his seat, elbows on the table as he rubbed his eyebrows with his hand.

"But, I'm not saying we use it on a civilian or kid. What if we used it on a overpowered villain?"

"Still considered unethical, Sunaipu," Hound-Dog replied.

"If we did do this, who would we even use it on?" Midnight asked, looking around lazily.

Aizawa turned slightly to peer at Nezu from the corner of his eyes.

Nezu was intently thinking this option through, his lips pursed.

"Dabi?" Someone called out.

"Tomura Shigaraki?" Cementos guessed, rubbing his jaw. "He was severely over powered. And I don't believe the Nomu's would be effected by the bullets."

All Might gulped, and it did not go unnoticed by Aizawa. Aizawa rolled his eyes before analyzing All Might once more.

The teacher was tense, shoulders raised uncomfortably. He was slightly slumped over and his eyes were blown wide.

"Toshinori has a person in mind." Aizawa cut through the banter between Hound-Dog and Cementos.

"Oh? Who might that be?" Nezu prodded, leaning over the table.

Everyone turned to face the Number One Hero, who cowered away from their gazes.

He was clearly uncomfortable being put on the spot like this, but he collected himself. "I--I um, yeah. I might know a villain...that um, might be--might need to be taken down....using that...bullet." At the end, Toshinori lost steam and trailed off, looking away from the other heros.

The door is such a fine specimen.

Oh what a joy it would be to walk out of the tense atmosphere.

All Might was tempted.

Very tempted.

After a few seconds, Midnight loses it and slams her shoe on the table. "Well aren't you gonna tell us?!"

Toshinori jumps out of his seat, his soul leaving his body for a few seconds. "W-well--well I--my---his name...All for O-one."

Midnight nodded before slipping her shoe off the table and sliding back down into her chair. She slipped her heel back on. She was suddenly glad she didn't wear her knee-high boots with three inch heels today. These smaller ones were so much more fun to be dramatic with.

The table got silent. Vlad sighed, "Oh shoot. I forgot about him."

Granted it had been a couple months since the meeting UA had covering All Might, his limit, teaching abilities, and nemesis. However, an overpowered nemesis is something worth remembering.

"So first, I think we should all write down the pros and cons of using this bullet on All for One, *if* we decide that is the best scenario. We need to think of every possibility." Nezu said, looking everyone in the eye.

All Might shifts his weight.

"It's still unethical."

Ice

The hand reached forward at an alarming rate. It pushes through the darkness and straight towards the unsuspecting student .

Feeling the air shift, the student twirled around only to see a hand impossibly close to their face . Their eyes widen into saucers, heart rate picking up dramatically .

"This--"

Another hand pulled their wrist from behind. The student tried wrenching their hand from the grip of said stranger. Yet it was futile. Another hand gripped their free shoulder, further holding them in place.

"--is how--"

The student's chest starts to convulse as they flinch at all the hands holding them in place. The hands were now wrapped around their legs, neck and arms.

"--you die."

Their breathing became labored, chest feeling as if it was caving in. They felt their eyes roll back in their heads as their body finally gives in.

Aoyama jerked awake, head pounding to the beat of his heart. He leaned forward and pulled his legs closer, hand to his chest. He waited for a few minutes, attempting to catch his breath.

It took a while to calm his breathing to the point of being able to at least talk, but he eventually did it. Slowly, he slid out of bed and onto shaking legs. He needed comfort and being alone was not necessarily comforting to the blonde.

Slowly, he put his sweaty palm on the wall, letting it hold some of his weight. He inched around his sparkly room, making his way to the door. He continued down the hall and slowly made his way to one of his closest friend's room.

He didn't have to knock on the door to Sero's room, as it was already cracked open slightly. But he did stumble inside. He was still shivering at the dark nightmare.

Sero immediately snapped his head up to look at the intruder. Afterall, it was an ungodly hour of the night and no one usually visits this early.

Sero patted Momo's hair and she obediently lifted her head off of his lap.

No words were said until Sero unfolded his legs and got his feet firmly on the carpet. He slowly walked over to Aoyama, who was still trembling. "Are you...what happened?"

"I am not..." Aoyama's voice cracked as it strained itself. He tried again. "I am not feeling fabulous."

Humming, Sero pulled Aoyama into his arms for a hug. No one had to talk, even as Sero led the blonde over to the carpet he was previously sitting on with Momo.

"Was it the nightmare too?" Momo sniveled, creating a tissue to blow her nose with.

Aoyama merely nodded from Sero's shoulder.

"We had it too, you're not alone." Sero comforted, rubbing his hand through Aoyama's hair. Momo leaned back against Sero's bed.

"I had went down to grab a drink and was startled by Sero coming down to grab a cup of ice. Pure ice." Momo talked.

She understood the pain of this specific nightmare. Her body shuddered at the thought of feeling trapped. Talking was the best way to calm down the shortest teen.

Aoyama slightly chuckled through his tears.

"Hey, my cup of ice was freaking dope, okay?" Sero drawled, playfully glaring at Momo. She sighed, smiling and waving her hand, dismissing the ravenette.

Aoyama chuckled once mlte, tears slowly ceasing.

After a few more minutes, everyone's eyes were relatively dry and a movie was playing from Sero's iPad. He didn't have a television because he didn't necessarily love the big screen. Plus it took up his precious space. The iPad was leaning against his textbooks and sitting on the coffee table in front of the three. Aoyama was finally sitting up, though slightly leaning on Sero still. Momo had her legs crossed with a pillow on them as she played with the corners. She hadn't seen many movies growing up, but now that they were all practically having a sleepover, she was very interested.

Suddenly a small thump came from the door. Momo hesitantly leaned forward and paused the iPad.

Slowly, Sero's door opened up to show a disheveled Tsu. "Nightmare as well?" Sero asked gently. Tsu looked around the room vacantly before returning her gaze to her friends. She nodded.

Momo patted the carpet next to her and then lifted her arms. "Come here, Tsu." In a daze, Tsu walked across the room and next to Momo.

Sero and Aoyama looked away politely as the two embraced. All of them understood how some nightmares make weaknesses apparent. That's why they flocked to Sero's room. He was by far one of the calmest kids in the class.

Sero was often checking in on everyone yet making jokes. His commentary was golden when he got bored and he hardly sensors his words. What he says, he means.

Tsu had come to Momo's room first, feeling as if Momo would best understand her nightmare, however she wasn't there. She then had walked to Sero's room and entered.

Now, Momo was whispering comforting sayings in her ear. When everyone was finally able to calm down once more, the movie was restarted and they sat in a comfortable silence, each one maintaining contact with each other.

Mumbling

The next day, the only thing class 1A saw was a flash of green. Izuku Midoriya was unresponsive and ignored all his friends and teachers. His eyes were blown wide and he was vibrating in his seat.

Fidgeting with his hands.

Legs bouncing on the floor.

And a goofy grin on his face.

Mineta and Kaminari had tried to break Midoriya from his trance by making slightly perverted jokes. However no one was uncomfortable because it was blatantly obvious they were commentating the weirdest, most harmless things.

"*Yo why is a grape green and small but a watermelon is green and big. They should be called small green balls and big green balls--" Mineta said, watching as his words had no effect on Midoriya.*

"Yo--wait do watermelons bounce?" Kaminari contemplated his words .

Jiro scoffed from behind them, *their conversations are so stupid.*

Jiro tried to gain Midoiriya's attention by lazily waving her hand, yet to no avail.

Midoriya had entered a fit of incomprehensible mumbling. He was too far gone. They had to get the big guns.

Uraraka and Iida were summoned, afterall they were two of his closest friends. Having heard the class's call to action, Uraraka slowly made her way over to the greenette and tapped on his desk. She wanted to know if he was genuinely okay, since this behavior was unusual.

Unusual specifically for him.

Iida, however, didn't agree with disturbing Midoriya. He felt that if something this severe was on Midoriya's mind, the the teen should be able to mull it over. Then, if he wanted to alert his friends, they would be all ears.

Uraraka was also unsuccessful, and came back to their group with a pout. "Nothing worked. And I don't want to touch him and get him startled to the point where he freaks out."

"Indeed, it is wise not to touch Midoriya, he seems to hate affection when it is sudden and unexpected." Iida pursed his lips, chopping his arms slightly and looking over at their doe-eyed friend.

Suddenly the bell screamed at them, signaling their dismissal. An extremely loud crash was heard before a green blur ran out of the room. Mineta's jaw dropped, and Kaminari's eyes were blown wide. Jiro had jumped at the sound along with Mina and Aoyama. Sero had whipped his head around so fast, he felt as if he had whiplash.

Momo and Shoji walked up to Iida and Uraraka who were shocked to find the desk in its side.

Midoriya had bolted from the room so fast, he tipped over the desk in the process. Wherever he was headed, he sure was in a hurry.

Momo paused, putting her hand on Uraraka's shoulder. "Is he okay?" She whispered.

"I'm...not sure." The chatter in the room trailed off as the students stared off in utter dismay.

Midoryia burst through the Class 1-C dorms, backpack in one hand and something else in the other.

He ran up the stairs and into his friend's room. Bursting through his best friend's door, Midoriya toppled forward. Shinso jumped at the

loud bang of his room's door smashing into the wall. Slowly looking up from his desk, he made eyecontact with the exhausted form of Izuku Midoriya.

Midoriya threw his backpack on the ground and lifted his notebook high in the air. "I have it! I brought it!" He yelled, slamming Notebook No.14 on Shinso's desk. The greenette's eyes shining with glee and the corner of his lips lifted into a smile as he caught his breath.

Shinso smiled at his close friend--and only friend in a way.

He had asked Midoriya last night if he could help Shinso train to enter the hero course. Aizawa was his new mentor after the Sports Festival, and together they practiced hand-to-hand combat. But hand-to-hand combat didn't satisfy Shinso.

If I want to be a hero course transferee in the new semester, I have to strengthen every aspect of myself . Quirk included.

So he called someone he knew would help with quirk-related questions: Izuku Midoriya.

Beckoning

Kurogiri stepped through the portal leading to Sensei. The nomu corpse had been summoned to learn classified information.

The air was thick when he arrived. Tension wafted in the air so thick that one could cut it with a knife.

A steady beeping was heard as well as the stench of oldness.

The stench of being unable to maintain oneself to the same degree as in their prime.

"Ah, Kurogiri...my first...creation." Wheezed All For One, his oxygen mask fogging as he talks. Taking it as a sign to walk over, Kurogiri moves forward to stand beside Sensei.

The older patted him on the back. Oboro urged his body to move away from the monster next to him, however Kurogiri remained stoic.

"I am...not in my...prime...anymore." AFO's breathing was severely labored. "I feel my...quirks are giv...ing...up."

Kurogiri moves away to check the vitals on the monitor next to AFO's bed. At simple glance, the heart rate was indeed slower.

He tells the truth.

The older man continued on, ignoring the nomu. "I wanted...to tell you...I'm..." A shaky breath echoed through the dark room, accompanying the machine noises.

If he strained his ears hard enough, Kurogiri could listen into the wired television and hear groggy league members talking.

"I'm going to...slowly get rid...of my...quirk stockpile..."

Kurogiri stiffened.

"*No!"* Screamed Oboro. "*No more quirks, I can't--I can't handle a-another one."*

Kurogiri could hear his host's soul screaming and crying from inside his body. Oboro was weak, that's why Kurogiri was formed. Unlike the other Nomu's, Oboro was not fully killed beforehand, meaning his consciousness and soul was still alive in the body of a nomu. All For One had made sure to keep the younger adult alive long enough to add to his quirks and appearance. But Oboro was long since broken down--merely a fragment of Kurogiri due to trauma response.

Yet Kurogiri was the one in charge, and this wouldn't change until All For One's quirks faded away.

"I want...to give the...quirks to...the pre...prepared nomus..."

Kurogiri let out an inaudible sigh, relief flooding both him and Oboro.

One more quirk, and my body will rip apart.

The human body was only meant to house one quirk--at least that ideaology included the first three generations.

Fourth generation quirk users had evolved beyond that limit.

Kurogiri could feel the quirks' powers seeping through his body and radiating through the room. Oboro felt sick from the power--he just wanted to go home to his cat.

His cat that his friends promised to take care of if he ever couldn't.

Kurogiri nodded at Sensei. "All of your quirks will go into the special nomus?"

"Yes." Wheezed a confident All For One. "I feel...as if time...is...running low...but if I'm...wrong...I can always...take...them back.... I'm keeping...the...healing--" Unable to continue due to a coughing fit, All For One leans forward, hand balled and hovering in front of his face as he hacked out a lung.

Kurogiri stepped forward hesitantly.

"*Don't touch it!"* Cried out Oboro from inside Kurogiri's mind. The unaged teen was curled in a ball in the corner, sobbing as he rocked forward and backward.

Forward and backward.

Forward and ba--

"Is there anything you need, Sensei?" Asked a still Kurogiri, his hands firmly at his side and his body situated over three feet away from the number one villain.

Not responding, the villain continued to cough. He managed to wave off his first nomu.

Silently Kurogiri warped back to the bar.

Sensei is getting more reliant on medical machines and quirks .

It won't be long now.

Discussion

Nezu sat in Aizawa's capture gear, paw holding his maw. He was deep in thought, along with a roomful of other heros.

They were all contemplating how to track down the League. It should be relatively simple since the League isn't actively scared into hiding. Sure the heros had taken down the Eight Precepts, however they had not taken down the League, attacked the League, or captured one of their members in a while.

The heros had been prioritizing taking down the Eight Precepts due to finding out Eri was being tested on.

Then again, the League hadn't done anything too out of the ordinary recently either.

The League wasn't left unsupervised, however.

There were always a group of three to four pro heros on the lookout for any villain attacks and leads to hunt down the League. Every couple of weeks the heros would change out to make sure no one slacked off on their job.

And to give each other breaks.

Right now though, they finally had the means to potentially take down the League instead of corral them. So now they could actively search.

But...

Search where?

That was the question being thrown around the office.

No one necessary had an answer.

"I would say we wait them out, but I think it would be easier to

catch them by surprise quite honestly. They still think we are reeling from taking down Overhaul's group, so it would be prime time to catch them while they're unsuspecting." Midnight said, focusing hard on the topic.

There was a pause before Nezu nodded in agreement. "I agree to surprising them however that does not contribute as to *how* we plan to track down the League."

Aizawa groaned slightly.

He just wanted to go home and sleep.

But heaven forbid he actually get a good night's rest.

It was times like these where he regretted not living in a cave somewhere.

"Could we map out where their crimes are located and see if there's a pattern?" Vlad spoke up.

"You mean see if each crime location can lead us into the direction we think the base is located?" Snipe added.

"Yeah, that could work," Aizawa interjected, voice deep from his annoyance, "if you blatantly ignore that they have a warping counterpart."

Nezu wanted to slap the back of Aizawa's head.

But the teacher held a good point. Why do crime near your base when you can trick authorities into searching elsewhere because you can practically teleport anywhere you want.

The idea seemed like the epitome, "it's only illegal if you're caught."

Valid, but not the point.

Idea generation was the point.

Not sarcasm.

Nezu looked around the table.

Present Mic was nodding off in his seat. Snipe was doodling a gun on a napkin. Midnight was fidgeting with her heels under the table. Vlad was texting someone--or at least on his phone--with a frown.

Toshinori was passed out to the point his torso was all the way forward, his forehead was on the desk, and he looked close to falling off his chair.

Glancing at the time, Nezu sighed.

Almost a quarter passed two.

"Go home. You all are tired. We can return back to this topic when everyone is more awake." Nezu hopped from Aizawa's scarf and hobbled over to his desk.

A couple grumbles were heard from the pros as they sat up. Snipe popped his back which resulted in such loud sounds, that Toshinori startled awake and promptly fell off both the table and chair.

The Number One hero was known for his multitasking skills.

As everyone filed out, Nezu heard Aizawa say that "it was about time, dangit."

Midnight and Present Mic walked after the exhausted adult, mumbling about the upcoming weekend.

Nezu overheard Snipe and Vlad talking about personal lives.

The two were quite close, practically growing up together as they became Pro Heros. It was actually quite endearing.

But when Vlad told Snipe that his wife was unhappy with the late hours, Snipe grimaced.

Vlad's wife was a beautiful woman, and she had great drive and work ethic. But at the end of the day, she craved being near her husband. She just wanted some quality time.

And recently it had been harder since the Precept's downfall and the League meetings.

But quite often, Vlad would drop everything for her and cut back on night shifts.

He loved his wife.

And he loved work.

And he felt the need to dote on her more. Because she was so strong.

Nezu pretended not to hear anything that was spoken. But he silently made a mental note to take Vlad off of work for the next week or two.

Paid leave, of course.

Then he would force the other heros to take breaks from work as well.

Vlad's wife needed him more than Nezu did at the moment.

Garden

Mange never had a proper funeral. Instead, she was buried at the edge of town, near a forest.

Toga was always upset when she went to visit Mange. It felt like the older woman wasn't respected enough. She didn't have a proper grave, the flowers Toga laid at the rock were always wilted, and not everyone in the League regarded her death.

Even as a villain, it's hard to wrap their minds around their family members dying.

Toga remembers watching Mange tend to the flowers in her room. Mange always wanted an outdoor garden, but being a criminal--a villain--she was unable to do so.

But Toga disregarded the idea of being caught. She wanted to make Mange's dreams happen, even though the possibility of being caught was present.

All the flowers Toga gave to Mange's grave were from the makeshift garden Toga started.

But it didn't feel like enough.

Toga slowly made her away across a few more streets and towards her friend's grave.

Suddenly, a snapping of twigs from behind her, makes her jump. Her stride ruined and resolve wanning, she clutches the Lilies close to her chest.

She hears a low mumbling before she turns around.

Her eyes are blown wide as she makes contact with Snipe, who is putting his gun in his holster.

He then put his polishing rag in his back pocket. He moved

forward, towards the teenager.

Toga gulped, she was vulnerable and surprised. She didn't expect this today. Her breathing quickened as she looked for an exit only to find more heros.

Her hands started shaking, which rattled the lilies.

Some of the petals fell to the ground.

Midnight was to her left, shifting her weight between her feet. "Hey, kiddo." She said softly, noticing the teen's fright. They didn't intend to scare the younger kid, but they knew it would take more than one person to take down someone with a powerful quirk, fast reflexes, and great agility.

It was honestly a surprise she was ranked so low.

C-ranked.

Toga heard a crunch from behind her.

She flipped her head to see a bashful Cementos.

Only one direction I can leave now .

She spun around back to the direction of Mange's grave only to inhale sharply.

Standing in front of her was Detective Tsukauchi.

He wasn't a hero, but he was well known to villains. It was said once Tsukauchi saw you, you'd be captured within the next couple of months or less.

He wasn't a scary man, but when he laid eyes on you, it was as if his analytical brain would go onto overdrive.

All his moves were calculated.

His gaze was kind yet sharp.

Toga dropped the flowers and whimpered.

Her bloodlust had been subdued because she woke up early to go to her reserve stash and drink a packet of animal blood.

When she went to Mange's grave, she preferred to be in a decent state of mind.

Her quirk didn't work with animal blood.

Her villain mindset was subdued.

Her bloodlust had vanished.

She was scared.

Surrounded.

Alone.

Her legs began shaking as she heard steps coming towards her.

"Hey, hey, hey. Calm down, babes. It's okay." She could hear a soft woman's voice speaking to her.

Midnight had broken character. Meaning, instead of seeing a dangerous villain in front of her, she just saw a scared teenager.

Toga withered under four sets of eyes.

Midnight slowly approached, disregarding Snipe's disapproving gaze.

Snipe didn't want anyone hurt either, but Midnight had clearly dropped her guard and he was slightly miffed.

Cementos also came forward cautiously, Snipe sighed and followed a moment later.

Toga's eyes frantically looked between the three approaching heros.

There's no way out...

There's no way out...

There's no way out...

I can't see Mange...

I can't visit Mange...

I--I failed

Toga broke down, falling next to the flowers she dropped.

Hiccupping, she tried to pick up all the fallen petals and leaves.

The heros were stunned. They had clearly caught the kid at a bad time.

Midnight felt horrible as she watched the strong teen crumble.

She ditched her Pro-Hero persona completely and fell into a motherly one.

Running to the teen, Midnight wrapped her arms around her. The teen struggled to pull away from the Pro Hero but it was futile.

She bared her teeth in warning, but Midnight ignored it, hugging her even tighter.

Toga gave up, tears streaming down her face and choking back a sob.

She could hear Cementos and Snipe get slightly closer. But in front of her direct line of vision, she could see Tsukauchi. He stood rooted to the spot he was in since the beginning.

Watching.

Waiting.

His lips were pursed as he stared at the fallen lily petals Toga had tried to salvage.

Toga cried harder.

It pained Midnight to have to put the girl out of her misery. She

knew the teen was hurting--specifically mentally since no scratch or bruise was on her.

But the teen needed to calm down.

Midnight knew her sleeping gas wouldn't work on girls for long periods of time. But she knew it could make them drowsy in small increments.

However she didn't want to scare the girl more, so she slowly rocked the blonde back and forth, pulling Toga nearly on her lap.

She cooed at the teen, rubbing her back softly and saying sweet words.

Slowly, Midnight began using her quirk.

Over the next few minutes of comfort, Toga began feeling drowsy. It didn't help that she was warm and already tired from crying.

Soon she passed out.

Midnight had diluted her quirk so Toga would merely calm down, not pass out. This meant that the teen was tired enough to sleep on her own--having just needed a slight push.

That didn't quell the feeling of sadness for long.

Midnight's heart broke for the teen.

But as per their job, Cementos lifted the sleeping blonde in his arms as Snipe helped Midnight stand.

Midnight then held her arms out to carry the teen herself.

Cementos looked between Midnight and Snipe.

Snipe had a raised eyebrow as he gazed questioning at Midnight.

Midnight's gaze was intense as she practically threatened Cementos into giving her the sleeping child.

Eventually, Cementos yielded and handed off the teen.

Midnight gladly took her and made way to Tsukauchi. Both turned and made their way to the detective's car that was parked a street away.

Snipe and Cementos stood in confusion.

It was their turn to catch a League member as they were the ones on the lookout for the next few days.

And they found a member. However they were confused.

So freaking confused.

Interruption

Aizawa had gotten a call in the midst of training his underling.

"You drop that plank and you're expelled. I'll be back." He mumbled before accepting the call and walking out of earshot.

Hitoshi Shinso was sweating bullets as he held his plank. He understood why Aizawa insisted upon strengthening stamina, but gosh did it hurt. His whole body was shaking from fatigue as he attempted to hold onto his core.

He hated hearing himself gasp for air. That's why he usually had headphones in when he worked out. When Izuku and he work out, both do flexibility training and reflexes. But with Aizawa...

It's whatever hard-core thing he wants to force Shinso to do.

So borderline torture for the teen.

But Shinso always felt so *happy* during Aizawa's sessions.

Because even though the teacher gruffs about staying after school to train "another problem child," he could see the small upward tilt of the adults lips when Shinso surprises him. Aizawa was a pessimist, he expects the worst--but he is refreshed by Shinso's ability to put his all into workouts.

So when Aizawa returned a few moments later, phone in hand, looking at his student's wobbly plank, he let himself give a lopsided grin.

This brat.

He told the kid he could release and Shinso prompty let his arms give out, not caring if he bashed his nose in when he hit the ground.

Aizawa almost snorted at the sight.

Shinso flipped his head to look in Aizawa's direction, a stray piece of broken grass sticking to his forehead. That was all the energy he was going to spend, he was wiped out.

"That was Nezu." Aizawa took the free time to explain, their workout regimine done. "We have a lead on the case that I've been assigned too. We were able to capture and contain a villain and Nezu wants me to go in to help question her with Tsukauchi. Work experience, wanna come?" Aizawa rushed at the end, getting annoyed at himself for not being as blunt as he usually is.

As a teacher, he had to construct full sentences to communicate with others.

But around his friends, they had gotten used to him saying choppy words to get his point across.

Shinso was shocked at the words. He was *allowed* to go with Aizawa-- Eraserhead--to watch him interview a villain. *For an active case.*

"Yea--yes!" The teen caught himself and changed to speak more formally.

This was official buisness afterall.

Rolling his dry eyes, Aizawa hummed to himself. He got up and began walking away.

Using insanely sore arms, Shinso complied, nearly falling on his face a second time in the process.

"Dorm first. Take a shower and then text your parents. They have to be notified of you *watching* the interrogation."

Shinso nodded. But he realized his teacher couldn't see him, so he verbalized his answer.

Aizawa didn't reply as he continues to walk off.

Shinso ran.

Once the two reached the Station's interrogation room, Aizawa motioned a skittish Shinso towards the two way window. "You won't hear anything but you can practice reading conversations. We

talked about it last week. Report back to me correctly and I'll tell you some of the details that aren't classified information."

Shinso nodded, feeling somewhat proud of the events occurring.

I feel like I'm actually one step closer to being a hero.

He was giddy with excitement as he sat on a stool stationed next to the window. He looked inside to see plain walls and a metal table. The table had a small pole on it where the villain was handcuffed. Looking at the villain, Shinso nearly gasped. He had heard Izuku talk about a girl named Toga who had two messy buns, agile frame, and golden eyes.

If this was the same person...doesn't she have the blood quirk?

Unlike Izuku, Hitoshi can't remember all the details of someone's quirk.

But he distinctly remembers Izuku plotting how to help blood-quirk users overcome the sensation of blooflust. It was one of the worst drawbacks that can lead into villany.

If parents didn't want to fully understand their child's quirk and quirk needs, then they're considered neglectful of their child. This negligence forces the child to tame their bloodlust on their own, and when it gets out of control...people usually die.

He remembers reading an article on it once.

Behind Toga is Midnight, who is rubbing her shoulders. When Aizawa walks in, he sits next to Tsukauchi, who is located opposite of Toga. Their mouths move and Midnight nods, pursing her lips.

She leans down to whisper in the ear of a despondent Toga before patting her shoulders once more and leaving the room.

Aizawa looks over to the notebook Tsukauchi is writing in--presumably reading his notes so far--and nods.

The interrogation begins.

And a few seconds later, Shinso takes his eyes off studying their figures to see who had grabbed another stool and sat next to him.

Midnight.

He scoots his stool over slightly, so she can see into the room better.

She notices and adjusts accordingly, giving Shinso a tight lipped smile.

Locations

Two days later, all the heros were back in Nezu's office. The room was deadly silent and insanely tense. Hostile almost.

But that cannot be the case.

These are fully grown heros.

Just because they are heros, doesn't mean they cannot abide by the same laws as civilians. Specifically the law about murder.

Present Mic was glaring daggars at Cementos.

If looks could kill, and if those killings were considered murder under the law, Present Mic would be jailed.

Cementos swallowed hard, thanking every magical being that Present Mic's quirk was not Glaring Daggars of Doom. He didn't take the loud hero to be one for holding grudges, but when he was forced to bail from the radio show, Mic apparently took it personally.

Extremely personally.

Nezu, completely ignoring the murderous intent inside the office, began speaking.

"So, you found the location?" It was a rhetorical question.

Detective Tsukauchi nodded, standing up to write it on the rolly white board in the room. So far it had the data regarding the quirk-erasing bullets and the League Member's files. He wrote the location under the League Information section.

"We also still have Toga in custody. After calming her down, and promising a proper funeral for her friend Mange, she was willing to tell the location. When outside the realm of her quirk's drawback--bloodlust--she never wanted to be a villain." Tsukauchi informed,

deciding to cut to the chase and breif everyone on the interrogation. "She hates herself for killing innocent people and admits to only killing when her bloodlust took over. Her words are true. She is remorseful. I also checked the whereabouts of the base location she supplied us with. It's legitimate. An invisibility-quirked officer was sent to keep watch over the area for a few hours and he came back with multiple citings of League members going in and out."

Nezu nods, hand on his maw as he stands in his seat.

So Toga is a victim. He had a suspicion but until he was able to confirm it, he had been at a standstill.

"Then I assume her previous home life wasn't ideal--potential quirk abuse or domestic abuse. I want a pro-hero to take her under their paw and help her mental state improve. Preferably someone with a quirk who can help subdue or understand her quirk if absolutely necessary. That leaves the options Midnight and Eraserhead if we chose to subdue her if the drawbacks get out of hand--though I would be hesitant as we are trying to *help her.* Next is Vlad, who would be the best for helping her cope, plus he would be able to supply her with blood." Nezu rambles to himself before turning on his heel and directing his next statements to Vlad King. "Would you and your wife be willing to take in Toga for the time being, Vlad? She might feel safer with your quirk being blood related."

There was silence. The squeaks from Tsukauchi messing with the White-Board even paused.

"I-I mean I can--I can text her real fast?"

"Splendid!" Nezu turned his attention back to the full table, ignoring the confused stares littered around the room. "Now we just need to obtain a plan of action. First off, when and who will be there for the raid?"

Midnight was glaring at Vlad, who was hesitantly texting his wife about Nezu's plan.

I want visitation.

"The raid should be sooner rather than later." Hound-Dog spoke up.

At the same time, Snipe asked, "We're still shooting them, right?"

Both men paused after their questions to look at one another. Differing viewpoints in heroics was always interesting, especially when a part-time therapist is paired with a full-fledged hero with guns.

And to think when they were teenagers, they wanted an Agency together, Nezu mused.

"We are going after All for One with the quirk erasing bullet, yes. And we do plan to do this within the next few days preferably." Nezu said, interrupting Hound Dog and Snipe's staring competition.

"I think Midnight, Aizawa, and Snipe should definatly go. Midnight would be able to make everyone sleep if things get too out of control. Aizawa's self-explanatory. And Snipe would be the best shot at administering the bullet via gun." Present Mic said, leaning back in his chair. He was too tired to put up a bubbly front at the moment. He needed a nap.

Much like Aizawa.

Nezu nodded to Tsukauchi, who then wrote the names on the board.

"Ectoplasm, Nighteye, Fatgum." Aizawa spoke, rubbing the bridge of his nose. He had a migraine and the lights were bugging him.

Nezu mulled over them and nodded once more.

"Why didn't you say yourself, Mic?" Asked Midnight, who seemed slightly confused at her friend.

"Would I be too loud? In a confined area?" He looked at her, then at Nezu.

"Then don't use your quirk. If I remember correctly, you did martial arts as a kid and are still quite skilled fighting quirkless?" Nezu asked.

Mic nodded, "Oh yeah. Shota dragged me into those lessons."

"You still suck." Aizawa mumbled, his words almost unintelligible as he remembered how horrible his friend's skills were as a kid.

"Write Mic down too." Nezu said to Tsukauchi, chosing to ignore a certain pessimistic hero.

"Toshinori could be backup with the police. Out of the way yet still close if needed--civilian duty?"

Aizawa looked at Nezu, practically begging for the rat to say no. But instead he nodded, causing Aizawa to groan.

"Wait are you allowing students to go on the raid?" Tsukauchi stopped, to turn to the office table.

The question hung limply in the air for a few seconds.

"I'll think about it. In the meantime, who of the students would be good additions?" Nezu added, squinting his eyes at Tsukauchi.

"Sorry! It wasn't my intention to strike a nerve. I was just curious if you allowed students on raids since the Precept's one."

"Work studies," grumbled Aizawa.

"It's fine. If we feel it would be...okay--for a lack of a better word--then students will be permitted to go. Who would be best suited for the mission?" Nezu asked the Hero course teachers.

Coffee-Cookies

Midoriya woke up *really* craving a mug of coffee. Not a cup. Heaven forbid a regular cup--no a mug.

So at four forty-eight on a Tuesday morning, he jumped out of bed and walked in a daze to the door.

No one should be up, so I can make this fast.

Midoriya took the elevator down to the main floor in his favorite Bronze Age All Might hoodie and a pair of boxers. The door dinged and he began rubbing his right eye, feeling as if a hair was in it.

Yawning, Midoriya continued his walk towards the kitchen.

He was so tired, he didn't even register the mumbling voices on the couch. He made his way to the coffee machine and began inserting the coffee grounds.

I want cookies too.

The diet All Might says I can stick to is only active in the day time.

Midoriya made up that loophole, but what All Might doesn't know can't hurt him.

After getting the coffee machine going, Midoriya found himself opening the fridge and looking for the leftover cookies from the other day. He took out a few from their foil wrapping and balanced them in his right hand as he closed the fridge and made his left hand go into the cabinet for a plate.

He then took his time to sleepily arrange his cookies into a circle before putting them in the microwave for about seven seconds.

Warm cookies ...

Once those were done, he got them out and began nibbling on one.

Now all he had to do was wait for his coffee. He set the plate of cookies on the kitchen table before searching in the cabinets, again, for his mug.

His mother had gotten it for him to use in the dormitory. It was a cream colored mug with All Might on the front and "I Am Here!!" on the back. Midoriya loved it with his heart.

As soon as the coffee was done, he poured some in a mug and left the rest for his homeroom teacher or Iida. Both woke up early to get the frist cup of coffee. Both fought each other.

Aizawa wanted scalding hot coffee, Iida wanted iced coffee. Like enemies, when they happened to meet in the kitchen at ungodly hours of the morning, they would bothe be rather annoyed at each other's antics.

It was amusing since Iida woke up extremely early just so his classmates wouldn't see him grumpy and annoyed from his pre-coffee routine. By the time he chose to start a war and wake everyone up for school, he was collected and ready for the day.

Midoriya only knew this because he had made himself a coffee and drank some only to go back down an hour later and find not only an annoyed Aizawa but also a miffed Iida, leering at each other, wrestling for the coffee maker.

The greenette had merely backed into the elevator once more--steering clear of the both of them for the rest of the day in case they figured out he did it.

He put his mug on the table next to his plate. Sitting down, he rubbed his eyes once more before chowing down, dipping his cookie in the hot coffee.

Said coffee had cooled off while the teen reminisced and mumbled. It was still very warm though.

Feeling slightly more awake, Midoriya sighed. He forced his shoulders to be less tense as he listened to the silence of the dorms.

"Dude, did you just dip a chocolate chip cookie into your *coffee?"*

"Eep!" Midoriya let out a squeak of surprise at the voice, almost falling out of his chair.

Looking up, he noticed Aoyama, Mina, and Sero entering the dining room.

The three looked appalled.

"Mon Ami, *no."* Aoyama clutched his heart, speechless.

Mina looked like she might vomit at the combination, eyes not leaving the coffee mug.

Sero, who was the one who first spoke up, was somewhat curious at the combination.

"I--what--why--what are you all do-doing?" Midoriya stumbled, flustered that he was caught.

"No, what are *you* doing?" Mina snapped, pointing between the plate of cookies and coffee sassily.

"It...it tastes good?" Midoriya mumbled. He felt like he was caught doing something bad and his mother was reprimanding him.

A tense silence overtook the group of teenagers.

"Can I try--" Sero began but was cut off by Mina slapping his arm.

Supressants

Detective Tsukauchi looked at the teen located on the other side of the table. He felt bad that she hadn't been able to sleep in a bed yet. The station didn't have rooms for suspects, villains, or visitors to sleep. But he had gotten Midnight to grab Toga a pillow and a couple blankets at least.

So far, they hadn't gotten the shipment of blood in for Blood-related quirks yet. That meant that slowly, Toga would be going back into her bloodlust-driven state.

Tsukauchi had to ask her something before then.

He quietly tapped his pen on the metal table twice and cleared his throat. "I have a quick set of questions for you." He began.

Toga looked up from her lap, gazing at her adversary with half lidded eyes and a partially open mouth. Her skin was shiny from a small sweat too.

She blinked slowly. "First, would you be okay with us administering quirk suppression medication to you via shots? We know your quirk drawbacks will be kicking in soon, and how much they hurt you. Would you feel comfortable with that? If not we can wait until the next shipment of blood packets but that won't be for at least four to five more days." Tsukauchi was talking slowly, so Toga could think about all the options.

He wasn't going to force her to get the quirk suppression medicines if she didn't want to. And the only reason he didn't have the suppression cuffs, was because he didn't want her to feel physically trapped or get hurt. Power Loader was working on a bracelet that suppresses quirks at the moment too, but among all the other inventions he is working on, it might take a little bit.

Toga slowly nodded her head, "I'm fine with the," she took a deep breath and rubbed her eyes, "medicine."

Tsukauchi nodded and made a quick hand signal to the mirror in the room. On the other side, a officer would see through the mirror/window and grab the medicine.

"Okay, next question. How would you feel living with Vlad King and his wife for a bit?"

Toga flinched slightly at the unfamiliar names.

"Hey, it's okay. Vlad is a Pro-Hero and he also has a blood-based quirk so he can help you with yours if you need it. He can help you train your quirk so it doesn't inhibit everyday life. Okay?" He pressed his lips together, watching the teen bob her head up and down sadly.

He put his pen down and folded his hands, leaning back in his chair to seem more at ease.

"Midnight said she would also stay overnight to keep you company. She said she wanted to bond with you as much as possible since you seemed like--in her own words--'such a sweet cutie.'"

That made Toga smile softly. She liked Midnight. She felt safe around the purple haired hero.

Tsukauchi watched her golden eyes glaze over a little more. "Vlad will pick you up around six, when hero work officially ends. Midnight and Vlad will take you to his house to meet everyone and then I think Midnight said something about going shopping soon? You'll have to ask her for details, kiddo."

Toga's genuine smile got a little deeper.

Shopping sounds fun.

Tsukauchi smiled as well, seeing Toga hesitantly relax more. But it didn't last for long.

Soon her genuine smile hardened and morphed into a sneer, her sharp canines showing. Tsukauchi noticed the change and sighed, sliding his chair back and standing up. Toga jolted forward, trying to grab onto the detective. She could smell it.

She could smell it.

His blood.

It was running through her mind like a rant.

His blood. I smell his blood. The pretty pretty red. I want to taste. I want to see him bleed.

She gave a small giggle before mumbling in the direction of Tsukauchi, who was leaning out of reach to grab the pillow and blanket she had accidentally thrown too far when she woke up from a nightmare.

She imagined stabbing him and ripping the man to shreds.

She just needed his blood.

Then another couple of people walked in. Another officer, and then Midnight.

"Hey kiddo. I know you probably won't remember this but we are going to help you, okay? Your quirk is causing you to feel violent, and before it took over, you said we could give you quirk suppressants, remember? I'm going to use my quirk to help you feel fatigued and maybe sleepy, so don't be scared okay? I'll make sure you're safe and stay with you the whole time. Promise." Midnight knew the teen was too far into her quirk to fully understand, but the hero felt better at least trying to soothe the teen beforehand.

Slowly, Midnight began releasing her quirk. The officer had handed Tsukauchi a gas mask, so currently both were safe from the fumes.

They just needed to administer the medicine, then at six Midnight and Vlad will take Toga to her new residence.

To her new home.

Filled

"Tomura." All for One beckoned from across the black television screen.

Tomura, who was in the midst of playing video games at an ungodly hour of the night, jumped. He was killing the opposing team, and he most definatly didn't expect to hear Master talking to him.

"Yes, Master?" He said, pressing a few more buttons to hide his avatar before pausing the game.

"I would like to...talk to you. Make sure you...are alone." His tone was demanding yet frail, the man was pausing to breathe every few words.

Tomura glanced around the messy room before deeming himself alone. "Yes. All members have went to bed."

"Good." There was a rustling from the opposite side of the television.

Tomura waited patiently for his master to continue talking, though his right leg was bouncing up and down. An anxious tic. Kurogiri was slowly trying to stop the young adult from ripping the skin off his own neck.

Right now he had a thick set of bandages around his neck to stop his scratching. Kurogiri had even tied it in the back. Contrary to popular belief, Tomura couldn't simply take off said bandages. He was not that flexible and couldn't wrap his head around untying a knot without seeing it and completing the process *in front of his own eyes.*

Nevertheless, he grumbled at Kurogiri every time the latter passed by to show his annoyance.

"I've limited...my quirk stocks... exponentially." All for One said. "The nomu's...are ready for...leadership."

Tomura's mouth dropped. *Master really gave up majority of his quirks? So soon?*

"But why?" Tomura felt the words leave his lips before he could even think to hold his tounge. After realizing his bluntness, he quickly shuts his mouth and mumbles a quick sorry.

A chuckle on the other line was heard. All for One was laughing at him. Tomura, not usually one for saying sorry or being laughed at, blushed. His ears were bright pink as he felt an overwhelming sense of embarrassment.

"My health is...not the great...est at the... moment. I fear...if I do not...act now," he broke off into a coughing fit. "Then...I will not be...able to do so in...the future."

Tomura looked down at his hands.

He knew Master was not well. However he didn't know the extent of how sick Master was. Now it seemed as if he was dying too fast. Was Tomura ready to take the League into his own hands? He didn't feel like it.

I've failed so many times already...

Tomura felt a lump in the back of his throat, but he swallowed it back down. He willed the needle pricks located behind his eyes to go away. He will not cry.

He will not get emotional.

Sensei is a villain.

He is a villain.

And villains don't have time to cry.

Villains are strong.

Villains will bring society to its knees. They will show citizens the truth. Afterall, there is no black and white, only shades of grey.

There is no definite yes or no if opinions are able to surround the answer.

Hero society will fall, specifically in Shigaraki Tomura's cold hands. And he will not accept it any other way.

"I would not...be completely...wrong to assume...my time is close...to coming to an...end. You will...make a fine leader...Tomura."

Tomura smiled sadly, fingers tapping his knee. He was anxious. He was sad. But he knows he will do something big, he can practically feel its importance rolling off his shoulders in waves.

Tomura Shigaraki would not fail this time. Master had faith in him afterall.

Called

"Would the following students come to Nezu's office: Jiro Kyoka, Hagakure Toru, Monoma Neito, Hiryu Rin, Midoriya Izuku, Kaminari Denki, and Shinso Hitoshi. Please come to the Nezu's office immediately." The voice of a woman came off the UA intercom.

Sero, Mina, and Kirishima lead a series of ooo's. A couple stray classmates teased their friends by asking what they did to get Nezu on their backs.

The teases helped ease Midoriya's tension yet he still felt like he might combust.

I was called to the Principle's office.

For a split second, Midoriya had entertained the idea of hearing that Nezu read one of his Hero Analysis For The Future notebooks and was going to expel him. But other people were called too...so that couldn't be the case.

Slowly, Kaminari, Jiro, Hagakure, and Midoriya stood up from their seats. Jiro confidently stalked towards the door, Hagakure bouncing after her. Midoriya ducked his head and quickly followed after them, cursing the announcement for drawing unwanted attention to him as he walking in front of his classmates to the door. Kaminari, finally registering that it was not indeed a prank, bolted out of the class.

"Yo dude, can you piggyback me?" He asked, hands behind his head as he tried to walk in a cool, relaxed fashion.

"*...what??"* Midoriya whispered, glaring incredulously at the blonde.

"Can you carry me? I want a piggyback ride." Kaminari looked

deeply into his friend's eyes, before changing his facial expression. "I will now give you the ultimate puppy dog eyes and you will agree." He said right before pulling a face that made him look constipated.

Midoriya continued to be confused. *Piggyback ride?*

Jiro let out a snort before coming up behind Kaminari to slap the back of his head.

"Ow! What was that for?" He cried out, rubbing his the back of his head.

"You're being an idiot again." Jiro laughed, Hagakure joining in once she saw Kaminari's betrayed face.

The four kept walking, eventually reaching Monoma and Hiryu in the hallway. Both classes were relatively close to each other, so it wasn't that hard to catch up. Class 1A was the furthest from UA's staff rooms, including Nezu's office which was located in the third section.

"Well, if it wasn't the useless Class 1A!" Monoma broke out in laughter. "Look at--"

Hiryu sighed, before putting a firm hand on Monoma's shoulder. "Please. *Please,* I'm not Kendo. But I can grab her to escort us." Hiryu was done with the one way rivalry Monoma had with class 1A. He just wanted a normal day.

One normal day in UA.

But noooo, that's too much to ask for.

"C'mon people, we don't want to be late." Jiro said, walking ahead of everyone.

Hagakure jumped slightly before bounding after her, followed by Kaminari and Hiryu.

Kaminari struck up a conversation with Hiryu, wanting to know more about the 1B student. Afterall, their duel-training classes had

been postponed for a few more weeks.

Midoriya stayed behind, walking with a slightly put-off Monoma to his left.

Monoma was grumbling about how Hiryu was a "Class 1A sympathizer." Midoriya wanted to ask Monoma more about his quirk, afterall it was one of the coolest the greenette has ever seen. But he deemed it not the best time to ask such questions.

Monoma stomped faster, wishing to become the leader as "Class 1A should not be leading since 1B is better."

Midoriya chuckles at the blonde's antics.

He stated at a steady pace, watching his friends walk ahead of him. Ever since middle school, Midoriya hadn't liked the idea of someone walking behind him. So he opted to be the one walking in the back. Sometimes it got him in trouble, like during the mall trip when he was eventually left alone and Shigaraki had found him.

But otherwise, he quite enjoyed watching other people converse and enjoy their lives.

Midoriya didn't like talking too much anyways.

He especially found it funny in times like these.

Because Kaminari managed to persuade Hiryu to give him the piggyback ride he desired.

Eventually, their group arrived at Nezu's door. Midoriya was the last to enter, having maintained a solid seven paces behind the others. Shinso had been in the room first, as his class was located closest to Nezu's office.

Midoriya slowly shuffled towards Shinso while Nezu began talking.

Shinso had been standing in the corner, overseeing everyone in the room. He was anti-social and didn't like the feeling of being surprised randomly. So Midoriya made it his small mission to stand next to his friend during the meeting.

"I can't believe that we are going on a mission together!!" Yelled Kaminari, who was bouncing in excitement.

"Shut it, dipwad." Jiro said, smacking the overly excited teen on the back of the head. "Nezu also said it was imperative that we keep this mission a secret."

"Yeah! Plus we don't trust you. That's why we all decided to bunk in Shinso's dorm for the time being." Hagakure giggled.

Kaminari's face fell, and he stopped walking. "We aren't just having a sleepover?" He asked, clutching his chest. He was exaggerating the feeling of his heart breaking.

Shinso and Midoriya watched from where they were leading the group. Midoriya was in front with Shinso behind him. Shinso knew Midoriya hated people walking behind him, so he chose to play bodyguard. Midoriya had smiled shakily, and Shinso smiled back. The walk to Shinso's dorm was relatively short. No one besides Midoriya and Shinso knew where his class dorm was located. But neither wanted to stop conversing with each other--afterall they are

best friends. Nevertheless, Shinso made sure Midoriya felt protected as the group walked behind them.

"You and Monoma wouldn't be able to keep quiet on this mission, and quite frankly I think we are all equally as excited." Hiryu cut in, shrugging his shoulders.

"Plus! It will be like a bonding time! We can get to know each other better before the mission tomorrow." Hagakure cheered. She was excited to the max. Her first hard-core hero work mission!

This is gonna be so cool!!

"Like I would want to bond with someone in 1A." Monoma huffed, crossing his arms. He was mad that Jiro got in Nezu's office before him.

"You have no choice." Hiryu and Jiro said at the same time.

Kaminari left his spot and ran back up to the group that had kept walking. "Hey don't forget about meeeeeeeeee!!"

Factories

Kurogiri hadn't heard much from All for One recently. The disgusting, old man had been prioritizing his health as of late.

"Something big will happen soon. I feel I must be ready." He claimed last time he forced Kurogiri to see him.

Oboro wanted to cheer, the monster of a man was actually dying.

Maybe if All for One dies, the nomu shell I'm in will lose it's grip.

Kurogiri had been called in by Tomura early this morning for a quirk conversation.

"Check on the Nomu Factory later." It was one sentence. One command. But Kurogiri nodded anyways and rearranged his plans to fit the new errand.

First he had to go to a store and stock up on some foods, then he would check in on the factory, and finally come back to the base and fill in Shigaraki.

He would also visit in Master if the elder was feeling decent enough for a chat.

Oboro hoped he died while Kurogiri was shopping.

Kurogiri moved downstairs to his bar area. He quickly scrubbed some of the dishes and polished the glasses, making sure everything was in its best form. Grabbing a piece of paper and a pen, he made his way back towards the kitchen.

The nomu began rummaging around, throwing away expired items and writing every needed food on the list. As well as spoons. For some reason, one of the villains kept stealing metal spoons.

They had three left.

You'd think they would want to steal the knives instead.

His mind went to Toga at the though of knives. They had been looking into her disappearance yet to no avail.

Kurogiri shook his head before heading out to the store, list in hand.

He hadn't needed to buy much, but he did grab a few bags worth of food. Mostly non-perishables. And Ramen.

As well as some vegetables and fruits.

The League had to be healthy--Master had insisted.

Waking out of the store, he turned left and began his trek to the nomu factory--which was surprisingly close to said store. Looking around, Kurogiri enjoyed the scenery and silence of the life around him.

It is so different compared to the League's base.

He felt this difference was good.

Eventually, after a thirty-four minute walk, he arrived at the factory without a pair of eyes following him.

Let me out, Oboro whispered to Kurogiri internally. *You haven't let me out in forever and I'm dying to touch the grass.*

Oboro was a fanatic for nature--he loved trees and bugs and grass

and flowers and leaves.

He loved all aspects of nature.

"I'll let you out after I've checked this. You can wonder in the field before we go back." Kurogiri replied solemnly.

Since Oboro still had a conscious and soul, he was able to front occasionally, when his first-in-command allowed. After first enduring the process of a new quirk cramming itself into Oboro's DNA when he first got kidnapped, he had felt the most horrific pain imaginable.

All For One's quirk allowed for quirks to be distributed into a single nucleus, and speeds up the process of slowly adding said quirk to a multitude of more cells.

It took Oboro's body days to fully integrate the warping quirk quite a few years back. But in thr midst of that pain, his conscious fragmented slightly, creating Kurogiri who kept the full quirk.

The quirk had finished intugrating into Kurogiri. Not Oboro. But Oboro did read a book about traumatic quirk experiences and their effects on mental states of kids when he was still enrolled in UA.

Kurogiri was a coping mechanism and since Oboro never fully recovered, he could only front and take over the host body once in a blue moon when he had the strength.

And when no other Villains were around.

If All For One found out that his human-nomu was a split-soul nomu, then he would execute Kurogiri and Oboro's body on the spot.

Neither wanted to die.

But Oboro just wanted a hug. It had been so long since he had hugged his friends. Or anyone for that matter.

Kurogiri warped inside the walls of the factory, a chill crawling up his spine. He was held captive here years ago, and he loathed every

second of it.

He saw the green glow down the corridor. There were also excess footprints leading down the hall. He could see their soles through the dust.

People were here.

He cautiously crept forward, keeping off his heels as to maintain a secretive and silent composure. His shoes couldn't be heard even as he walked, thus no other sound was heard in the warehouse, yet all his senses were on high alert.

Slowly he turned the corner into the main nomu lab.

The glass capsules were broken in, the shattered glass covering the floor along with the green liquid that gave the nomus nutrients when they transformed.

All the nomus had withered down into shriveled prune-like creatures. During mid-transformation, they were half human and half developed into nomus of various stages. Some of the older and stronger ones had lacerations on their skin and were practically blown to bits. Chunks of blood, organs, bones and other ominous body parts were strewn about.

The nomu's are annihilated .

Kurogiri scanned the perimeter, no heros or threats. He gasped, speed walking to check on the other labs.

The same view was in each room.

Deciding to report back to Master immediately, he teleported into the League's base.

Sorry Oboro, I'll let you out in a bit. Kurogiri stepped into his own portal.

But right when he stepped out, he ended up dropping his grocery bags.

In front of him were various heros who were fighting the League currently. *We've been attacked in such a short period of time?* Kurogiri was nervous.

Twice was being cornered by Ectoplasm near the bar. But some of Ectoplasm's clones were fighting each other. It was odd but Twice was still scared to death about cloning himself. And rightfully so.

All Kurogiri could do was stand there in shock.

Warps

Kurogiri couldn't possibly warp everyone out. Compress was being flung around by what seemed to be flying fists as well as a purple haired teen. *Invisibility quirk.*

Spinner was being handled by Fatgum, who easily felt with Spinner's strength enhancements.

Dabi was holding his ground against Eraserhead, Kaminari, and Monoma. The three were an odd group in itself, but Dabi was ranked as one of the strongest villans. His status made the Erasure Hero forced to fight with Monoma and Kaminari.

Monoma would switch between using a copy of Aizawa's quirk to erase the blue flames, confusing Dabi when he couldn't use his quirk. Whenever applicable, Kaminari would zap the villain and Monoma would change quirks once more. He then would douse the young adult with a water quirk, hoping to both extinguish present flames and make Dabi's quirk harder to use.

Dabi was slowly getting tired and cornered.

Not a good combination.

A nomu in the back was being held off by Present Mic, a young boy with want seemed to be a scale quirk--Hiryu. At a second glance, Kurogiri could barely spot a tall figure behind the nomu, directing the two fighter's like a puppet master as well as evading oncoming attacks.

Wow, our numbers have really dwindled the past few months, Kurogiri thought.

First Moonlight, Muscular, and Mustard were captured. Then Mange was killed and Toga went missing recently. Kurogiri shuttered,

remembering the day Toga never returned to the base.

Twice had a breakdown and Dabi got angry. The fire quirked adult had begun a slight rampage from bottled up anxiety.

So far, the villains seemed to be dropping like flies. It hurt having one go missing. And it was felt all through the base. Shigaraki had even turned in to his room early for the past week, spending less and less time with the League as a whole.

Like he was distancing himself. But he was also a thinker, meaning sometimes it took a bit for him to mull over his emotions.

Spinner was the same, only he spent more of his time outside than his room.

I can't possibly warp everyone. I'll end up creating chaos, the heros and League are too close together. They have to separate at least five feet apart so I can warp from under their feet.

Kurogriri tried to stratigize. But it was hard hearing Oboro talk in the back of his head.

This is our chance! I can go back--we can go back! Look, it's Shota and Hizashi! I want to hug them so badly. Please please please let me out. Kurogiri could practically hear Oboro beg verbally. And he was definitely tempted to allow Oboro out.

However with Master still around, if Kurogiri were to slip up once, he would be executed on the spot or returned back to the facility for more testing.

They definitely couldn't live through that again.

Both Kurogiri and Oboro shuddered under the idea.

For now, Kurogiri would simply observe the scene from a corner and find openings to warp people away. Heros he would warp to different cities located far away. And then he would warp the League to one of their safe houses in Sendai.

Scanning the room as a whole one more time, a thought struck

Kurogiri.

Where is Shigaraki?

Appearances

The villans were losing.

Horribly losing the battle.

Dabi was panting, his figure slumped forward instead of his usual confident stance. Twice had accidentally lost sight of which Ectoplasm clone was the original and had entered a state of distress. His hands clutching at his own mask as his eyes frantically looked at the clones surrounding him slowly.

The Nomu was down, Present Mic and Hiryu had joined the fight against Compress. The man was doing his best to hold his role in the show but was slowly losing momentum against four Heros.

Fatgum punched Spinner in his snout, causing the man to stumble back, holding a hand over his nose.

Shigaraki had yet to be located and this was due to Kurogiri attempting to fend off stray heros who had seen him.

It didn't help that Oboro was pushing to the front of his mind in an attempt to aid Shota and Hizashi's fights. Kurogiri was starting to get a headache.

Suddenly a loud boom ricocheted off the walls and the ground started shaking. Under the pressure of a drawback-clad teleportation quirk, All for One made his appearance known. He stood in the spot that the nomu once was--at the far end of the base located opposite of the bar. A dark aura was seeping through his pores, showing his presence. He was in a black shirt and dress pants, his usual attire ever since he had become reliant on machines. No matter what, he wanted to mimic his villain clothing that included his suit and tie. But the t-shirt was the best he could do.

"I am...here." He pushed from his lips, wheezing slightly.

He was off his machines, mask also missing. It seemed as if he had just teleported to the base once he saw how horribly the villains were losing. His breathing was shallow as his chest heaved.

Master should not be doing this, Kurogiri thought, eyes going wide.

Let him die. Oboro had a different opinion.

Slowly, all the heros and villains stopped fighting, the dangerous aura feeling as if it was suffocating everyone.

Quietly, secretly, Nighteye turned into his microphone and whispered. "Here. Ready. Snipe. All Might."

He couldn't say much in case anyone heard him, but he said enough to simply get the point across.

All for One's damaged and wrinkled face "looked" around the room, pausing slightly in Kurogiri's direction before nodding ever so slightly before turning his head towards the other heros.

A wicked grin flew across his face, suffocating everyone in the room.

But Kurogiri knew the assignment. A simple headache wouldn't hold him back from obeying his Master. Oboro tensed, feeling the finality of Kurogiri's mind.

This isn't gonna end well...

All for One began to chuckle. The deep, volatile noise snapping some of the onlookers out of their stupior. After that, too many things happened at once.

All for One shot a small blast towards the Heros and League members. It was relatively feeble due to his waning health, however it was still a decent way to subdue the oncoming attacks of the heros. Kurogiri didn't hesitate before warping Compress, Spinner and Dabi away. They were the ones who had the most room between themselves and the heros. Better chances that way.

Present Mic jumped when Compress was warped. Hiryu, who had been staring at the Number One Villain in fear, was increasingly jumpy and nervous as he saw some of the villains missing as well.

A few feet away, Aizawa grabbed Kaminari and Monoma from the back of their hero suits and pushed them towards the exit quickly. "Mic, take them to Nighteye and make sure reinforcements are coming."

Mic nodded. They had all decided that if the fights got too intense, or if All for One showed up, the kids were to go to Nighteye and Fatgum, who would lead them out.

Looking around, Aizawa sees Fatgum following protocol. He was taking Jiro and Hagakure to meet with Mic and Nighteye.

A shock jolted through Aizawa. He scanned the rest of the fights. Midnight was attempting to try and get closer to All for One and release her quirk in an attempt to make the villain relaxed. Ectoplasm had surrounded Twice and left the masked villain looking like a lost deer.

But there is no sign of green or purple hair.

Another blast rocked the warehouse that had been built into a base. The foundations of the building were beginning to crack. Another few blasts would mean the roof might cave in.

Aizawa still couldn't spot the two troublemakers.

It would be wishful thinking to they were still with Snipe. They probably wondered off, but I don't see them. Once we take down All for One, I'll ask if any heros saw them, check inside the base and look for them outside . Right now, they're in more danger with All for One out now--it would be illogical to worry before the main threat has been taken care of.

Aizawa used his quirk on All for One, the later who swiveled his head towards Eraserhead.

Ectoplasm's clones began crowding around the villain, throwing punches and taking hits for other heros.

All for One was breathing heavily. He was sick, he was tired.

He was off his oxygen and his health quirks were rapidly declining in efficiency.

While the heros began ganging up on All for One, Kurogiri was able to warp out Twice from the middle of the hero's clones.

Gazing for other main League Members, he saw none.

A shot rang out loudly. Dizzying. Followed by a large blast.

Kurpgiri felt his headache hit him full force. He almost fell over at the sound. Losing control, he slightly slipped and let Oboro front for a minute.

"--es!!" He yelled out, one arm pumping up in the air and the other clutching his ear.

"Wait!--Wait I--I'm ou--" Kurogiri quickly snapped back to the front, simultaneously pulling Oboro back in his mind with a vengeance.

Shut it. You could've been seen. Kurogiri grumbled.

It won't matter anymore, look! Look up! He was shot!

Kurogiri felt his neck snap up. Indeed was All for One shot. He was bleeding through his torso ever so slightly. His mouth was lifted in a grimace and his breathing was rapid yet shallow. He was hyperventilating, clutching his chest and stomach. He was on his knees, in front of him was Snipe, Ectoplasm, and Aizawa.

Aizawa felt like his eyes were burning off as he stared at the most treacherous human before him. Ectoplasm was there for backup, and Snipe was practically swiping the gun under All for One's face.

I shot you. I shot you! Haha I really shot you. Look at the gun!

Midnight was off to the side as she kept a steady output of her quirk.

"Get All Might in here. Fast." Aizawa said, voice hard. "And get the

medics. He shouldn't be bleeding that much."

Ectoplasm nodded and grabbed Snipe by the arm. The latter grumbled at being treated like a child. Ectoplasm simply nodded sarcastically and mustered up his best American Southern accent, "Well it's simply unethical, ain't it?"

Aizawa could hear a barking laughter from outside.

Once he knew for sure the quirk-erasing bullet had worked its magic, Aizawa blinked and rubbed his eyes one at a time.

He couldn't afford to take his eyes off the villain.

"Go Shota!! I kne--"

Aizawa stiffened as he turned his head towards the familiar voice. Only to see Kurogiri smack the side of his head with his right hand and yell "shut up!"

Then the man was gone, having warped through the ground.

"*Oboro?"* Midnight was the first to vocalize, her voice cracking. She stumbled closer to the bar, as if looking for proof of her friend's yell.

Aizawa swallowed thickly before turning his head back to All for One who had gone a sickly pale.

All Might took that moment to rush in.

The villain was glazing over, his flesh rippling and muscles twitching under skin. Blood began pouring from his body, seemingly from old wounds that had reopend.

His breathing eventually slowed down as he slumped forward ever so slightly. "Let...me...guessss..." All for One panted, looking at Toshinori in his sunken in eyes. "You...are...here?"

All Might was speechless. *They managed to take down the villain. Ambulances are slightly behind schedule. But they took him down.*

He groaned as he clutched his mutilated chest, dead skin seemed to peel off his face--it was as if his skin was rotting.

It was as if he was rotting.

"Sorry...brother." He wheezed. "You'll...go down...too..." A pause. "All Might."

The ground cracked again. A piece of ceiling fell. All Might's eyes widened.

The building is about to collapse .

All Might pushed beyond his limits, grabbing onto Aizawa and Midnight before sprinting to the exit. Pieces of rubble fell faster and faster, dust was being kicked up.

It was hard to see but All Might managed to push his two coworkers out of the building before tripping in the grass outside as well. Not a couple seconds later, the roof completely caved in. All Might caught his breath as he lifted his face out of the grass. Midnight and Aizawa were safe. They were the only two heros left in the building.

But All for One was definitely crushed.

Options

Vlad knocked on Toga's door, blood bag an quirk-supressing pills in hand. He heard a shuffling from the opposite side of the door before he was let inside by the blonde teenager.

She smiled with her signature, yet completely sane, toothy grin. She had been a lot happier with Vlad and his wife as well as visitation from Midnight. She felt more herself, for the first time in forever.

Vlad smiled back at her, handing her the blood pack. She snatched it and jumped to her bed where she landed on her rump, bouncing.

The blood intake could not be compromised--her overall health depended on the intake of blood outside of the transformation.

When her quirk developed at age four, her body slowed down the differentiation of her own body's blood cells. This meant she had to drink her own blood type to ensure she didn't become iron deficient. When she was unable to recieve the amount of blood necessary for her body to function comfortably, her quirk drawbacks set in, forcing her to experience bloodlust.

But now the suppressants cancel out the impulsive drawbacks and the blood maintains her vitals.

Vlad slowly sits down next to her on the bed. She was in a pink tank top with a pair of black short shorts on. Overall it was a comfortable look. After they went shopping, Toga had been surprised that Vlad let her pick out *any* clothes she had wanted.

He even went so far as to motion Midnight to stay back and secretly buy the clothes Toga seemed interested in yet didn't pick up.

Back in her old house, Toga was told that she had to wear baggy clothes or clothes that didn't have holes or show her middrift. By the time she was in middle school, her birth parents had ensured she only wore what they approved of. But Vlad let her get any

clothing she wanted.

Upon asking him about it, he just shrugged. *"You wear whatever you're comfortable in. It's your choice for clothing, not mine or anyone elses."*

Toga had been shocked. Especially when she heard Midnight talking to Vlad later that day at the food court. "You're *right, she can wear anything she pleases but if anyone looks at her the wrong way, let me beat them up."*

After the whole shopping center episode, Vlad's wife, Mana, insisted that Toga preform a fashion show. Midnight and Mana both sat on the couch as hype-women and oddly enough Vlad also gave input on possible necklaces that would tie the outfits together. He also ordered them online via his laptop later that night.

Mana and Vlad had always wanted a child, however Mana was unfurtile. Therefore, it was easy to take a kind kid such as Toga, as their own kin and dote on her exponentially.

"I have the suppressant pill and a water bottle if you want to take them in the middle of the packet or after you finish. It's up to you." He gently says.

Toga nods, sucking on the straw of the blood pouch. She would've smiled but that's hard to do when you're sipping a drink.

"While you're drinking that, Nezu sent me some options to talk about."

Toga turned on her bed to angle herself to see Vlad better. Her attention had spiked.

"He said that since suppressants aren't healthy for long term usage, that the support course could make a device that helps reduce bloodlust yet allow you to still use your quirk--the bracelet Powerloader is working on." He put the pill and water bottle on Toga's bedside table, next to her clock. He then leaned back on the headboard and folded his hands.

Toga squinted before nodding, contemplating the words.

"They also said..." Vlad waited for Toga to look in his eyes. "That if you don't want to use your quirk ever again or experience the drawbacks that come with Transform, then they have one more Quirk-Erasing bullet that they can change into a smaller dose for you. That one is only if you feel like getting rid of your quirk is the option *you* want."

Toga bobbed her head, looking at Vlad with tired, squinted eyes as she finished her blood packet. Slowly the removed the straw from her lips and licked the extra blood off.

She clears her throat before talking. "I have options?"

Vlad was in shock before he pulled himself together slightly better. "Of course you have options. And these aren't the only three either. They are simply the three that are available at the moment--Nezu and a group of Quirk Specialists are analyzing information on your quirk to help you. But in the meantime, if you want we can get a bracelet or earrings to pause your quirk's bloodlust, stay on the suppressants, or if you really want you can get rid of your quirk all together. It's up to you. I know this is a lot at one time. I'll let you think on it and update you on the possible ways to help as I'm informed." Vlad slowly got up and smiled.

Toga grinned up at Vlad. She admits when she was first told to follow him, she was suspicious, but overall he was a pretty cool guy.

She felt safe to make her own decision.

"Remember, just do what makes you comfortable." He slowly walks towards the door, before turning around to his self-proclaimed daughter. "I'm loving the room decor."

As he closed the door, Toga began blushing in embarrassment. She had asked Mana to grab Midnight and Vlad King posters to put on her walls as well as a couple of figurines.

But she didn't expect the embarrassment of her hero seeing her with his merchandise.

She fell backward on her comfy bed, hiding her face in her hands.

Babysitting

Nezu and Hound-Dog were sitting with Class 1A as they watched the news. The press had caught wind of the Hero's movements and eventually were able to scout out the mission. However their timing was delayed and they only managed to start broadcasting the event a minute or so before the building began slowly crumbling.

Kirishima and Sero were biting their nails from where they sat, anxiously waiting for a visual on their classmates.

"*--heros are currently undergoing a mission to extract as many villains from their warehouse as possible."*

Tsu was grabbing onto Mina, as she usually does when she becomes nervous. Momo, who sat relatively close to the two teens, was braiding Uraraka's hair in an attempt to soothe the shaking girl.

Ojiro was currently in the kitchen with Shoji, reheating the pizza HoundDog had ordered earlier that night. Shoji was supervising the fidgety teen.

Nezu had been put in charge of "*making sure the brats don't kill each other"* while their homeroom teacher was gone.

Hound-Dog had been put in charge of *"making sure the rat doesn't kill any of my students or start a lesson on world domination."*

So far no lessons had been actively attempted, however offganded comments about world domination had slipped through Nezu's maw.

To which Hound-Dog would always roll his eyes or occasionally glare at the principle. Depends on what the comment entailed.

Bakugo was seemingly fuming from his view in the corner, although

in reality he was just as nervous. *The building is becoming less stable, why aren't they leaving, dangit.*

"--oh my goodness!" The news reporter squealed at the sudden blast coming from inside the warehouse. *"The heros are beginning to come out of the warehouse. Let's see who was battling inside, shall we?"*

The cameraman pans over to get a better view of the collapsing building and zooms in. A slightly scratched up Nighteye left the building first, pulling out what seemed to be a screaming toddler.

But alas, it was simply Monoma.

Kaminari was next to leave the warehouse, followed closely by Jiro who was clutching at her ears. The mass amount of noise had finally began to form a migraine in her temples and made her ears pound.

The hero costume of Hagakure was next to exit the building, but she was being gently guided by Fatgum, who was talking to her with a slight smile.

Fatgum usually smiled, but he seemed slightly downtrodden at the moment.

Class 1A let out breaths of relief as they saw three of their classmates. But Bakugo, Aoyama and Momo tensed. Iida scanned the screen from his seat beside the couch intently. He pushed his glasses further on his face as if it would cause his vision to zoom closer on his classmates.

"--gum and some--is that UA!?--students--"

Fatgum and Nighteye led the small group across the street and towards the ambulances.

Nezu looked at the screen in rapt attention, his brain over-analyzing the situation so much, he was starting to overtime tremendously.

The cameraman shook as another blast sounded from inside the base. He twisted his camera to get a better look. Present Mic was exiting the building, one hand on Hiryu's back as he gently nudged

the scratched up teen to safety. The ambulances would treat the hero's slightly hidden yet bleeding arm.

Snipe and Ectoplasm were then seen walking briskly out of the building. Snipe had little to no injuries. But Ectoplasm had a slightly bloodied cheek from a cut he had gotten when Twice threw a stray knife at him. His leg was also bleeding from another stray knife embedding itself into his leg. He had yet to take it out--opting to wait for a medical professional. Since his pain tolerance was high and he was high on adrenaline, he could barely feel the small puncture.

But he still let Snipe aid him on his journey to an ambulance.

Suddenly, All Might--in his skinny form--ran into the building.

Nezu sucked in a breath. *That was not part of the plan, Toshinori. What on earth are you all doing?*

From the corner of the camera lens, Nezu could see the truck All Might had hopped out of. It was Tsukauchi's work van--meaning it was where the detective, All Might and a few other police officers were stationed to inform heros of new information, and work the comms.

Nezu saw Tsukauchi's head pop out from the open door of the van before he rolled his eyes and presumed to slam it shut.

That means that the threat has been neutralized--?

"Ok, we have been informed that the threat has been delt with , a few villains are being taken into custody via the back exit of the warehouse. Currently , three heros are still inside the building , dealing with the final villain. These three heros include All Might and UA's Midnight and Eraserhead--"

Suddenly a final loud boom erupted from inside the building before the roof visibly caved in.

"NO!" Shouted Bakugo, shooting forward from his spot in the corner and practically catapulting himself closer to the television.

The screams were deafening as the building folded like a card tower in the wind. Uraraka and Mina screamed while Momo gasped loudly.

Iida was standing up, surprise written on his face.

Shoji, Koda, Mineta, and Sero were sitting in shock, eyes blown wide.

Tsu began sobbing, and Kirishima walked over from his seat on the couch to comfort her. Aoyama turned to Sero, tears in his eyes, to which Sero shook his head and put his arms out for a hug. Ojiro also joined in on the hug.

A mass of dust covered the screen, causing the camera to be out of commission. Coughs and screams were heard from every angle. The yelling of authority voices were also prominent, yet drowned out by everything else.

Tokoyami, who was located behind the couch with Dark Shadow looming over his shoulder, had his beak hanging open. He didn't attempt to say his catchphrase.

"No." Todoroki whispered. He had his hand covering his mouth, eyes wide on the screen. The expression was littered on his face, unfamiliar to everyone who only knew him as stoic. "No, no, no..." he began whispering under his breath. He slowly, lowered to the floor, ears covered by his hands as he tried to reign in his emotions.

Tokoyami sat next to him, rubbing the teen's back in a sad attempt at comfort.

"Ah! The dust is finally leaving , wait--who are they?"

Slowly the dust settled. From amist the clouded area, three figures rose.

The camera ungraciously angled itself to capture the three figures as they moved closer.

The tallest, middle body was of All Might. The one on his left was Eraserhead and Midnight was on his right. The retired hero

practically carried the other two injured heros until he collapsed. His muscles were straining and everyone was covered in dust. He was coughing so much, his lung felt like it was about to burst.

Heros and paramedics began running towards the three fallen heros.

Nezu analyzed the scene. HoundDog was holding his snout in his hand.

Bakugo was screaming incoherently, as Iida half-heartedly bashed the blonde.

Urakraka sniffed. "Did anyone see Deku?"

The class was silent, thinking in their brain if they ever saw the teen leave the building.

"Shinso Hitoshi was not spotted leaving the building either." Nezu added.

Kirishima, Sero, Momo, and Koda snapped their heads towards the unassuming principle.

"Unmanly commentary." Whispered Kirishima as he rubs Tsu's back.

Tracking

Aizawa was beyond nervous. After coughing out what felt like a lung, he was given a mandatory checkup from the medical team. Then he was told the best course of action was to go to the hospital to get his arm in a cast--he had broken it when the wind from the collapsed building sent All Might, Midnight, and him catapulting away from the warehouse.

He also had to have a few cuts sutured, but he would ignore those until later.

His brain was fuzzy and thinking became hard. When the ambulance workers told him that he had gotten a slight concussion, he merely waved them off.

He could deal with that later too.

So ultimately, against the medical team's wishes, Aizawa was out and about.

Looking for two specific kids who had a bad track record with finding trouble. And getting into tough situations.

And getting hurt.

And landing in the hospital.

And overworking themselves.

And getting bad haircuts--

Making his rounds, he passed by every ambulance and police car in the street. He talked to multiple police officers to see if at least one of them had spotted his students.

Eventually he was able to scout out Fatgum and hear Present Mic. They were chatting up a storm, Hagakure and Kaminari were with them. The raven haired adult walked faster to meet the heros.

Ignoring all previous conversations, Aizawa cut in with his own question.

"Izuku Midoriya, Hitoshi Shinso?" He looked Mic in the eyes.

Mic's eyes widened before he shook his head. "Weren't they supposed to be with Snipe? I haven't seen them since Kurogiri began teleporting the villains away."

Aizawa's eyebrows furrowed, his uninjured hand reached up to scratch his jaw.

"Snipe hasn't seen." He was speaking in abbreviated Japanese, Shota style. But Mic and a decent amount of other heros knew that Aizawa, especially when in a hurry, talked in short barely-sentences.

"Did you check the hospital?" Mic tried to be helpful.

"Not seen."

Kaminari shook out of a daze, "wait you haven't seen Midoriya or Shinso--"

"Oh my gosh, are they okay? Also what happened to your arm--" Hagakure butted in, nerves making her voice waver slightly.

Aizawa looked at them, then shot a glare at Present Mic before walking away.

"I'm going to ask Tuskauchi."

Translation: Mic you explain to these brats.

Mic nodded anyways and turned to the students. Fatgum stook awkwardly, opting to simply be the Emotional Support: Huggable Hero.

Aizawa made his way to Tsukauchi's police van. It had all the computers and devices used to mediate the comm system and a few of the station's hackers to get into any possible warehouse cameras or simply keep an eye out for any escaping villains leaving town.

Aizawa heard talking from outside the van. Making his way to the other side, he saw the door open and a tall blonde leaning inside.

All Might.

They were quiet for a second, the break in their conversation evident.

"Tsukauchi," Aizawa rubbed his eyes--they were burning from the dust still. "Is there any way you can see if Izuku Midoriya or Hitoshi Shinso have left the building--if so, location."

Putting his hands back at his sides and opening his eyes, Aizawa looks around at the adults in the truck. Tsukauchi was intently watching over a fellow officer's shoulder.

The detective was not blinking. It was as if he and the computer screen were in the midst of a staring contest.

"They're already watching all off the camera recordings in the area over the past few hours." All Might mumbled, his stick form hunched over slightly. He seemed worried and downtrodden.

Suddenly, Aizawa saw his phone light up in the back of the van. He had left it in there while he executed the mission. It kept distractions to a minimum. Not to mention the comms would allow him to hear all necessary information regarding the immediate case. Talking his phone in would be illogical.

He reached into the van and picked it up. He took a few steps away as to not distract the officers.

He answered the call without looking at who dialed.

"Shota. Neither Shinso or Midoriya were--" Nezu was cut off by a loud yell.

Tsukauchi began yelling at officers and dialing rescue hero's. "HITOSHI SHINSO AND IZUKU MIDORIYA HAVE NOT LEFT THE WAREHOUSE BEFORE IT'S COLLAPSE. ANY AND ALL RESCUE HEROS IN THE AREA NEED TO COME TO THIS LOCATION IMMEDIATELY. I REPEAT, TWO STUDENTS ARE STILL IN THE

COLLAPSED COMPOUND, ALL FREE RESCUE HEROS PLEASE SUIT UP."

Aizawa's blood went cold and his posture turned rigid.

Relocated

Kurogiri looked around. Only a handful of League Memebers were able to be teleported out, however it was the main bunch.

Spinner was sitting on the ground with Twice leaning on him. He had just calmed the masked man down after a horrid panic attack. Compress was pacing about the small living room, mumbling under his breath.

Dabi was leaning in the corner of the room, watching the room intently while also staring off into space. He was both there and not there.

Kurogiri felt like he failed Master. He only retrieved four memebers--not including the main leader under All for One; Shigaraki. He remembered the limp form of All for One, yet he felt as if he was indifferent to the villain's gory death.

Good riddance, that douche is finally six feet down at this point. Oboro felt no remorse for wishing the Number One Villain dead. Afterall, he was the one who forced Oboro's body to become a vessel for more quirks. Oboro could never become a hero after he was pushed to the back of his own mind as a new identity popped to the front. Kurogiri was simply a puppet in the hands of All for One.

Oboro was still a hero in training. His childlike youth was not killed.

His excitement was dimmed, however he was still as outgoing as normal.

As outspoken as normal.

That's why Kurogiri kept pushing Oboro back when the latter attempted to front.

Oboro felt stronger than ever after *feeling* the death of All for One.

In contrast, Kurogiri felt weaker than ever. He felt sick.

Kurogiri's mist flickered from purple to black do dark blue and back to purple. He felt his quirks stirring restlessly--waiting, hoping, praying to be let out.

The other villains took notice of Kurogiri's withering state. Dabi slowly pushed off the wall, eyes caught on the flickering warp user. Compress had stopped pacing the floor in circles, instead opting to slowly approach the unsteady nomu. Even Spinner was looking at the bartender.

This lack of control was unusual. Not even quirk overusage causes this reaction .

Eventually, Kurogiri stumbled forward, using his arms to weakly catch himself on the couch's corner. He blinked a few times before turning bluer than before. His body took a slightly more human shape before flickering between mist and human.

The leftover League held their breaths as they maintained a safe distance from the struggling bartender.

They could sense something had changed . And somehow this change seemed more natural than before.

Suddenly, Kurogiri shook his head. His form stayed in a more human shape as his colored turned more navy.

"I'm out! Whoo! Three times in one day, leggo!!" Obroro yelled, jumping slightly to show his excitement. He stumbled forward after a second off the ground. He was still weak in this form too. Gradually, he made his way to sit on the couch, legs splayed out, and almost reaching the couch's opposite arm rest. His legs were simply too long.

Or this was an old couch made for "fun sized" people.

A small cough was heard from a few feet away. Oboro jumped and he turned his head to see Dabi staring at him with wide eyes.

"Okay, what the *hell* was that?"

"So you are the original host and director of the show but eventually you were forced to stop directing and simply become a stagnat audience member?" Compress asked. Oboro had took it upon himself to explain the whole *"Well I was kinda turned into a nomu against my will and so my consciousness split into two, which led to this situation"* concept.

"Ehh, more like I was practicing my part for debate team individually and then someone kicked open the door and stole my position, speech, and adversary. But yeah, whatever rows your boat." Oboro shrugged.

Over the course of the long explanation, Dabi had sat furthest from him, on the floor. Compress was seated on the couch's far left side with Twice in the middle. Oboro was sitting on the far right, legs situated over Twice's lap. Twice was clingy, always needing skinship.

Oboro, missing his friends and family more than ever, also craved the skinship he was declined since his "death."

"So...is Kurogiri coming back anytime soon?" Asked Spinner. The reptile was on the floor a couple feet away from Oboro and the blessed couch.

"Um, well he definatly *isn't* leaving anytime soon. But right now he is kinda..."

Oboro took a quick check of the back of his headspace. Kurogiri was sleeping on a bed in the corner of his mind.

Snoring extremely loudly.

"Snoring louder than humanly possible. You all should be grateful you have me at the moment." Oboro yawned, angling himself to be closer to Twice, who didn't mind in the slightest.

Fronting

Oboro yawned. He was becoming extremely tired. Afterall, it was his first time fronting for over an hour.

Kuorogiri was finally beginning to stir by early evening. Twice and Compress had become avid cuddlers and allowed Oboro to move in the middle of the couch. Over the course of a few hours, Oboro had begun to feel lighter. The mist that was rolling from his body in waves was now toned down to a shimmer of the light. His hair was normal and he felt decent, if not slightly crowded.

Since All for One has died , I guess the major effects of his power has died as well. The short term quirks can't be used on me with him gone. I'm going back to how I was before.

But Kurogiri wasn't leaving anytime soon. Oboro had simply gotten stronger, so now he equaled Kurogiri's presence. Instead of Kurogiri solely operating, Oboro could now press for his own time fronting.

They were like co-operators.

Oboro was warm, head laying on Compress's shoulder while Twice hugged his torso.

Kurogiri woke up and began slightly freaking out.

"*Are they safe*?" He asked, rubbing his eyes.

"*Um...yeah. I think Spinner is standing guard and Dabi is searching the house for something*."

"*Did you patch up any injuries*?" He pressed.

"*It's been a while since I've taken a first aid class. I don't think anyone would want me near antiseptics. Besides, Dabi patched everyone up already. No one was injured too severely. Spinner's nose is doing better, slightly discolored but nothing is broken. Compress just had to get stitches in his arm from a cut. And Twice simply needed to calm down*

from the stress. Overall, they're pretty cool."

Kurogiri nodded. "*I'm gonna front now. I need to check something."*

Oboro shifted on the couch. "U*hm no. That's not how this is gonna work anymore. I'm just as strong as you--"*

"*Oboro--*"

"*--so we either both work together or we switch out when both agree. And right now I don't consent.*"

Kurogiri sighed and quieted down.

After a moment of thinking, he resigned and agreed. Feeling content with the outcome, Oboro relinquished control after Kurogiri promised to let him front again later.

When Kurogiri snapped out of his mind, he noticed he was warm. He took note of his surroundings to find himself laying partially on Compress and Twice hugging his waist firmly. He hummed to himself.

I forgot how much of a cuddler Oboro was. And Twice definitely took that up for grabs .

Slowly, he removed Twice's arms and got off the couch. He swiftly laid Twice so he was resting on Compress's lap as the latter napped in a sitting position.

"You're back." Dabi said, footsteps echoing as he walked around the corner of the hall.

Kurogiri simply nodded at the statement.

If Dabi didn't ask, Kurogiri didn't have to answer.

"The kid couldn't explain it too well. Scatter brained oaf. He's the original?" Dabi leaned on the wall, hands in his pockets. He was standing next to a small photo of a middleaged man on a dock, holding up a fish. A decent catch.

"All for One killed his body and tortured his soul enough for it to fragment into two pieces. I protected him when All for One was around. A few more fragments are left inside as well, but since I was the biggest fragment, and fronting at the time of All for One's sessions, he inserted a quirk onto me and not directly into Oboro. I am the nomu, Oboro is the humanity." Kurogiri said, making his way into the small kitchen. It was painted an off color of light yellow and had green accents here and there. He rummaged through the cabinet and fridge, before taking out canned carrots, a couple potatoes and pancake mix, all of which had been left by the previous base user. This base among a few others were set up so villains could come in and out. It helped to make the house seem homey and lived in, because if the cops or heros ever raided one of these bases, the inside appearance would only allude to a family that had left for vacation. Overall it was a good confusion technique to use on the cops.

Dabi followed him in, though he was now barefoot--Dabi had ditched his boots within the first hour of being inside the house--though his footsteps were still loud.

He mulled over what the nomu said before deeming it acceptable. "So that explains why you aren't a brainless nomu. You still have the original brat."

Kurogiri hummed.

Dabi watched Kurogiri make a breakfast fit for the League. They had been ignoring the elephant in the room, but it was about time to start discussing the next steps of their lives.

"What do we do now? We can't just sit here forever." Dabi asked. *If we don't do anything productive, I'm leaving. They have Toga, Stain, Muscular, Mustard and a few other of our members in custody already. Don't waste my time.*

"First we should find Tomura. I think he said he was going to..." Kurogiri rushes to find what Tomura told him sometime before the attack. "...go outside for a bit?" Pain flashed through Kurogiri's head as he attempted to remember. He folded forward slightly, crumbling under the pain of another migraine. "I don't remember anymore."

He whispered.

There was a pause. A yawn could be heard from the living room. A rustling of the blanket being pulled back was heard as well as a the sound of someone searching for something.

Dabi began to speak his thoughts once more. "Do you think the heros have hi--"

"--uilding collapsed. Two of the hero students in the raid are left unaccounted for and the heros have reason to believe at least one villain is still in the compound. We will keep you updated as information piles in. Now back to you." The newscastor said.

The villains froze.

Was Shigaraki still in the base afterall?

Nails

Inko Midoriya was biting her nails. Nezu had called her earlier to say the villain raid they performed went ary. Izuku had went missing along with one other student. It was obvious they had neglected protocol the teachers had placed on the raid.

They had wondered off.

But why?

She knew Izuku followed rules to a T most times. And only when he felt as if someone was or would be hurt by the rules, would he go against them.

So there must've been more to the story.

Her eyes were glued to the television as she watched rescue heros search the debris. They were efficient but the building was unsteady.

Unstable.

If they moved one wrong brick--one wrong slab of concrete--the whole building would contract even further into itself, possibly killing anyone who was still inside. It was a nerve wracking situation, but Inko remained hopeful.

The cameraman kept zooming in to the reckage, showing off the sharp edges of concrete and thick wires and beams poking out of the pile. Glass was scattered everywhere as a testament to the few windows that had previously been attached to the building.

It didn't look promising for the two missing UA students. But Inko hoped that the whole ordeal was simply a miscalculation and her son was walking safely a few blocks down, looking for their teacher.

Her heart told her otherwise. Yet the mother chose to ignore the pain in her chest.

.....

Hitoshi Shinso's parents weren't answering the phone. This was the third time Nezu has attempted calling them but it was to no avail. He sighed, leaving a quick voice message linked to the number.

"*Please contact me immediately when you get the chance."*

He ended the call and turned his phone off and rubbed his paw to his maw. Nezu was stressed to the nth degree.

Two students were never seen leaving the building .

A villain potentially trapped inside as well.

Even if they are alive , the situation is increasingly dangerous. They have four days tops to find any survivors .

A human can only survive three days without water . And if they manage to find water , surviving without food only lasts three weeks. Dust debris and possible injries are a totally different matter . The statistics do not look good either way .

Nezu mulls over all the somber possibilities that could happen. None look increasingly good, and only few were increasingly likely.

It annoyed Nezu that two missing students were the outcome of such a planned out raid. He felt he hadn't taken into account that even in a hindered state, All for One would still be able to wield such a powerful quirk and use it accordingly.

The data Nezu had gathered on the pervious Number One Villain had been oversimplified. And Nezu hadn't caught that mistake in

the heat of the moment.

He felt it was all his fault.

But the fact no one had even seen the two kids after their entrance was odd .

I need to talk to Aizawa.

Nezu took a deep breath in and dialed Aizawa's number. He needed to hear what the teacher saw--what he knows-- first-hand.

Headphones

Bakugo was annoyed, moreso than usual. Nezu had made him livid when he blatantly told the class that neither student had left the room.

He knew the whole ordeal had taken place within less than a few hours tops but still. He felt a dam of emotions break through his exterior.

He was angry at the building for collapsing. He was annoyed at the class's tears and sounds of sobbing. He was miffed at Nezu's analytical bluntness and Hound-Dog's sad attempts at soothing the crying class.

So he had left. He couldn't deal with those extras while their brains were clouded with crappy emotions.

So after an hour or so of staying in his room to calm his annoyed mind, he eventually exited his den. He found out Nezu had left to formulate a plan to find the missing students in his office.

This left a small section of the class still in the common room with Hound-Dog and a random teacher from the third year General Education dorms. Rolling, his eyes, Bakugo pulled out his headphones and started playing his music. He turned the volume up as high as it would take to drown out his classmates' cries.

As he reached the door, he yelled out to one of the teachers. "Bakugo Katsuki. Gym Beta." To get his point across, he used as little words as possible.

He pushed open the door, sauntering out to the gym.

The teachers knew where he was at. He screamed at them, so there was no way they didn't hear from the close proximity. No one was stopping him either.

Not that they could.

He was on a mission to beat a punching bag into a pulp. He *needed* this.

Uraraka was in her room with Momo and Tsu. Momo sat on the bed, criss cross applesauce and with a pillow laid in her lap. Uraraka was on the other end of the bed, huddled next to Tsu who was painting her nails green.

Momo had brought her nail polish and a computer to get their minds off of the raid.

Momo watched as Tsu moved on from her left foot to her right.

"I'm going to play a movie. Do you have any preferences?" Momo asked politely, turning her computer so it angled itself towards her as she signed in.

Uraraka sniffed, mumbling that she didn't care.

Momo smiled softly and turned to look at Tsu.

"Princess and the Frog, kero." She didn't even look up from her nails.

Momo opened a new tab and signed into Disney Plus.

Kirishima and Sero were still in the Common Room. They had seen Bakugo walk out and yell that he was going to the gym, but stayed put. Bakugo probably wanted to get out his pent up feelings.

Kirishima felt he would be of no assistance in that regard. Besides, he had a job. Mina was still crying her eyes out. She had been close

with Jiro, Kaminari and Hagakure, so to hear that they got out was a relief. However the news of her other classmates not being found made her stressed and scared.

Kirishima was rubbing her shoulders and back as she leaned on him. He had tried to whisper positive narratives in her ears, but that was futile so he stopped.

Next to him, Sero was comforting Aoyama and Todoroki. Aoyama was in shock, mouth slightly agape as his eyes were blown wide. Todoroki simply seemed out of it, not crying or freaking out externally. He was just staring into space, brows furrowed.

Everyone winced as they heard Dark Shadow belt out an ear piercing screech once more. Hound-Dog's voice raised a couple octaves so both Tokoyami and Dark Shadow could hear him trying to soothe them. So far, it wasn't working the greatest, but it was calming them down slowly.

No one knew why Dark Shadow was acting this way, and it had frightened Tokoyami into accidentally losing control. But now he was in a separate room, Hound-Dog attempting to subdue both.

Mineta, having a sensory overload due to the mass amounts of sound rochcheting around the dorms, was folded in on himself in the corner. Loud noises bugged him. Somedays worse than others. Currenrly, the Gen Ed teacher for the third years was attempting to comfort the sobbing teen.

Ojiro was with Koda and Sato. All three boys were in Sato's room as he baked a few pastries. Shoji was also invited, yet he had opted to calm down in his own room.

Koda had brought his bunny and was petting it gently as they sat on the floor.

"I'm glad Hagakure, Kaminari and Jiro are safe. I wish Midoriya and Shinso were safe too." Ojiro began, picking at his hands.

Koda nodded.

"Well they said Midoriya and Shinso were M.I.A. so it could mean they just got lost." Sato piped in, clicking the stove light on to check if the pastries were cooked.

"...but Nezu said no one saw them leave." Ojiro looked up only to see a slumped over Koda. The mute teen looked thoroughly upset and downtrodden.

Ojiro turned his gaze to Sato. He was on the balls of his feet, squatting in front of the oven as he angled himself to watch the puff pastries rise. His left arm was holding the side of the oven to aid in maintaining balance.

"Let me dream." Sato whispered.

A sniff was heard from between both boys, Koda had begun to cry.

Watching

All Might stood off to the side, shifting his weight between both of his feet. He wasn't allowed to help with the rescue operation since he was retired. But he also didn't want to get in the way of active heros. So he stood off to the side, out of the news camera's view.

His nails were chipped from him ripping them off. His bottom lip was red and close to bleeding due to him biting it in worry. The skin around his eyes were puffy and his face had red splotches from his attempts at holding in his tears.

How had this gone so south?

Aizawa had been called in by Nezu to relay details of the event. Nezu was fast on the case to help figure out the best way to get everyone out of the building.

"Mic is at the hospital awaiting stitches in his arm. Nighteye left after getting an urgent call from his agency. Fatgum is...somewhere. The UA kids are currently still with the ambulances. If you take my work van, can you bus them back to UA? I cleared them to leave the scene as soon as they got a ride. They've already been questioned informally, but right now I think they're still in shock. Rest is mandatory." Toshinori nearly jumped out of his skin after hearing Tsukauchi's voice in such close proximity.

After listening carefully, he nodded to Tsukauchi. "Yes, I can surely drive them back to the dorms. I'm sure they're not feeling the best right now." Toshinori's mind was reeling.

Was he really going to leave the proximity knowing his successor is under rubble?

He bit the inside of his hollowed cheek.

Tsukauchi watched his friend wither away after the incident. He knew Toshinori was close with his successor. He had such faith in

the greenette. He came to Tsukauchi for teaching tips and methods on training regimines to make the quirk's transfer go as smoothly as possible. Tsukauchi knew Toshinori spent hours upon hours holed up in his house to research his quirk and help the kid with any possibly problem he may come across.

Tsukauchi would even say Toshinori cared about Izuku as if he was his son.

He even told the detective that he felt horrible for essentially saying the teen couldn't be a hero if he was quirkless. Toshinori had projected his trauma of being a bullied quirkless hero-dreamer onto Izuku. It was the heat of the moment, but no excuses.

Later on, Toshinori had went up to Izuku and apologized profusely to the teen. He told the greenette that he would train the teen to be the best hero he could be, no matter what. If he chose to except All Might's quirk or not, Toshinori would still be the kids mentor.

Izuku did take One for All though. But Tsohinori made him promise that if the power felt painful or overwhelming--or even if Izuku had a change of heart and wanted to become a hero quirkless--that it would be totally okay to give the quirk back.

Izuku could be a hero no matter what. And Tohsinori would stand behind him, quirkless or not.

Tsukauchi remembers how much Toshinori smiled when recounting his successor and how hardworking and intelligent he was.

Being a hero meant Toshinori wasn't able to create a life on his own. He didn't want anyone he knew getting in the midst of trouble because a villain found out they knew each other.

So Toshinori was hesitant. But now that everyone knew, he was happy to have met Izuku and started to live his life freely.

The events of today crushed Toshinori to the brim.

Tsukauchi put his hand on Toshinori's shoulder.

"I know it doesn't help. But I really am sorry for bringing up the

question of allowing *kids* to be involved in this case." Tsukauchi whispered, looking at the rubble.

Toshinori stiffened at the apology before relaxing again. "You didn't know. No one knew." Toshinori cleared his throat before shrugging off his friend's hand. "Now, I need to drop off some young kiddos at UA. The keys?"

Tsukauchi looked the blonde up and down before handing over his van keys.

As Toshinori began walking away, Tsukauchi yelled out after him. "Take a few hours ro rest as well, Tohsinori. I'll update you with any news."

Toshinori's step faltered, but he eventually nodded.

Doted

Toga felt amazing.

She felt content.

She felt loved.

Ever since moving in with Vlad and his family, she wasn't ever hungry for food or thirsty for blood.

She was doted on by Mana and Midnight--the latter visited nearly every day. Mana always made sure the teen was comfortable and Midnight was the first to jump in excitement when Toga mentioned something fashionable or fun.

Quickly, Toga found herself growing attached to the two women. They were like the mothers she never had.

Her biological mother...

Toga shuddered, remembering what that woman did to her.

Ever since moving in, she didn't have to worry about hurting someone or being hurt. She was safe when around these people and safe within these walls.

Even with the League, there were high tensions everywhere--no one know who would get captured or killed next. No one knew who would be a traitor. No one knew anything solid about their future. And it was downright frightening.

Being with Mana and Vlad, Toga felt what it really meant to live. And now...

She doesn't ever want to go back to how it was before.

Hopefully, Mana, Vlad, and Midnight would keep her...

But as a villain, Toga also learned that life was often too good to be true. Knowing this, she kept herself slightly distanced from the family. She didn't want to be completely shattered by sadness when they decided to throw her to the wolves outside.

But she decided to bask in the love she felt radiating from the family until then.

Her stomach growled.

Slowly she groaned and slid off her bed. She passed her Vlad King and Midnight Hero Merch to make her way to the door. On her way to slink to the kitchen, in search for sustenance.

Mana, who was laying sprawled out on the couch, drinking a juice box, smiled at Toga and happily waved to greet the teen.

Toga had slept in, so this was the first time they saw each other today.

As Toga ventured further into the kitchen, Mana turned her gaze back to the television to finish her show. After seeing the news last night, she was still a bit shaken from all the distruction.

Once Toga made it to the pantry, she saw Vlad opening a box.

"Oh, hey Toga!" He greeted, looking up. "This is from the support course, they finished the bracelets. The class made some of every color so you would have options too. That way you don't have to take the suppressants..."

Toga nodded, before turning back to the pantry. She gazed inside before deciding to haul out a bag of chips. She closed the pantry door by bumping it with her hips, as she used her hands to tear open the bag and begin eating.

Vlad laughed at seeing Toga pack down the whole bag.

He finally pulled open the box and insides lay a colorful array of bracelets. Some had jewels and charms, others were simply singular colors. Some had stripes or dots. Overall, there was plenty for one person.

"Wanna check them out?" Vlad asked, he moved the box closer to Toga for good measure.

She nodded again, mid crunch. Looking inside, her eyes lit up.

There were so many ! And in so many colors too!

Toga had never dreamed of having so many bracelets. At this point, it didn't matter if these helped with her quirk or not, she loved them!

Smiling her toothy grin she put the chips aside to shuffle through the box.

"They said you can wear as many as you want too. 'No matter if you wear five or fifteen, the results won't hurt you in any way. All that will happen, is it will supress the drawbacks of your quirk.' Wow, Power Loader sure thought of everything, didn't he?" Vlad began to laugh as he read the note that came with the bracelets.

Essentially, the only thing to watch was if Toga felt tired after putting the bracelet on for the first time. But after a few days she should be back to normal. Her body simply had to adjust to the new jewelry.

Vlad turned to Toga, seeing her face light up in a gigantic smile as she bounced up and down, masses of bracelets piled on her wrists.

He couldn't hold back his smile either. He watched as she did a little dance before snatching the bag of chips again. Then she continued to munch on them.

"I also...I want to ask you something. And like the other time I asked you something, you can think about it for as long as you want. I'm not forcing you and I don't want you to feel forced." Toga rolled her eyes playfully at Vlad's small speech. She tapped her foot three times on the ground to signal him to hurry up. He simply laughed at her antics. "Okay, okay! Here's the question: do you want to permanently be a part of our family?"

He smiled calmly at her. But he jumped slightly when she let out a loud gasp and dropped her bag of chips on the floor.

The opened bag caused the crunchy goodness flung themselves all around the floor.

"Noooooooo!! I dropped my chips!" She whined.

Buisness

"*Uhm, hey? I was told to call this number back when I got a chance?"* Came the nervous voice from Nezu's phone.

Nezu was pleasantly surprised by getting the call mere hours after his first attempts. However now was not the best time to have a call. Nezu was getting the rundown from Aizawa. But eh, now would have to work.

"Ah, yes. This is Shinso Hitoshi's father?" He said in his professional voice.

A shuffling was heard on the other side of the line before a timid "yes" was mumbled.

"Okay, good. This is Nezu, Principle of UA. Are you sitting down?" He asked, realizing that the news might be...overwhelming.

"Uhm," more shuffling was on the line before the sound of a bag being thrown was heard. "I uh, I just got home from work, so...yeah I sat down just now--is every--is everything okay?"

Nezu could tell Shinso's father was nervous--borderline scared, really. He could practically sense the adult's leg bouncing through the call.

"You were aware of your son taking part in a hero raid? You sighed the permission form, yes?" Nezu asked. He hated this part of his job. Previously, only one other occurrence like this had happened over the course of UA's opening.

And that was hard as it was, Oboro was a great student and would have made a wonderful hero.

"...yes. Is everything okay? Please tell me Hitoshi isn't hurt--I don't--he *can't--please."* His voice cracked, straining as he jumbled his words.

Nezu sighed, explaining the situation and how the protocol had not been strictly followed by the students.

The raid had been burned in their brain as risky and that if any sign of extreme danger or violence--such as All for One entering--then the students must leave ASAP.

The fact that neither Shinso nor Midoriya had stayed with their designated hero in their designated area proved that they had wondered off to some extent. After that small mistake, anything could have happened.

It was hard for Nezu to relay to the now completely distressed father. Aizawa, who stayed rooted to his seat in the room, looked down at his lap as Nezu droned on. The raven haired adult was tired but he was unwilling to rest. Too many things happened at once. There were too many events to process fully.

What the heck happened with Kurogiri--he sounded like Oboro. But the logistics of that is skewed. Aizawa knew jumping to conclusions was illogical, but hope flaired in his chest.

It was quickly squashed by the reminder that two of his students were missing.

He swears to himself, to all his students, and to both families, that Hitoshi Shinso and Izuku Midoriya will be found. He will find their sons. He will find their friends.

Soon, Nezu finished the call and both parties hung up. He set his phone on his desk and lowered his head to his paws. Sighing, he rubbed his temples. "I hate having to make those calls." Nezu couldn't completely comprehend human emotions, but he knew anguish and fear even as an animal. It was a horrible feeling.

"Have you checked Midoriya's suit's camera?" Aizawa said, widening his eyes as he remembered the newly installed cameras.

In the beginning of the year, he had thought the upcoming classes would be especially hard-core . And he had just remembered having the cameras installed in the costumes.

Nezu looked at the slightly more hopeful and attentive Aizawa through his paws. "I've tried. Something is refraining anyone or anything--including my computer and Tsukauchi's--from connecting." It was horrid news, but it was the truth. They had tried all they could from Nezu's office. It was time to plan.

Aizawa slumped in his chair, rubbing his eyes with his left hand.

"I plan to keep trying though." Was the last somber remark of the chimera.

Technology

Aizawa leaned down, he was standing on a sturdier part of the rubble, one that was deemed stable--a previous "load baring wall." They had cleared this section of the collapsed building as one of the areas that did not have the children inside.

It was approximately forty nine hours since the raid. Nezu had forced Aizawa to go to sleep inside his office in order to make sure the adult didn't go out and hunt for the kids while insanely tired. However that was after Nezu made Recovery Girl heal Aizawa's broken arm.

"*Tiredness leads into silly mistakes."* The rat had told him, before handing over his yellow sleepingbag.

The Rescue heros were slowly creating leeway, a chunk of the rubble had been removed and placed further from the scene due to some teleportation, anti-gravity, strength, and other helpful quirks. Rescue Heros who were off duty came to help from all around Japan. In their free time, they donned on their suit and chose to help out, even though it wasn't necessarily within their pay.

The Comission would up their pay over the next year as the budget for All for One's takedown melted away.

Some heros who were done with civilian relocation were removed from the scene and sent home. Press were kept at a minimum, though a few of their people continued to press forward in interviewing working heros. Those who did not respect the heros and their search for missing *children* were escorted via police vehicle and delt with accordingly.

They should not be distracting anyone from finding Shinso and Midoriya.

Guards and officers were sent to watch over and protect the Shinso residence and Midoriya residence, so they weren't bugged as well.

Aizawa sighed as he looked down at all the rubble.

Since he was used to balancing on buildings and efficiently getting work done, he was put on he case (not that he would accept any form of leaving). Ironically, he was also known for his keen vision during patrols. Hence, he was told to be a scout. His job included looking for lose or easy debris that can be moved as well as steer heros away from potential load bearing, or collapsing walls.

If he hadn't been a hero, he was planning on becoming and architect.

Thats how he found a small glimmer in the corner of his vision. He held up his hand to motion the heros on standby as he checked out the shiny object.

Usually in the case of a collapsed building, shiny objects aren't normal .

He slowly advanced on the object. It was partially covered in dust and half crushed by a failed piece of concrete. He looked at the box-like object carefully.

On two sides are buttons and panels, on the top is what is seemingly a screen. Eraserhead slowly pressed his earpiece.

"Send PowerLoader. Unidentified technology."

.....

"It seems to be a device that aids hackers." Powerloader supplied. After deeming it safe, they had gotten the device out of the compound relatively unharmed. After looking it over for a few minutes, Power Loader had a guess as to what it was. "Specifically to block other hackers from being able to reaching data inside a specified area. Though, it still seems connected by wires...wouldn't want to cut one and the whole compound blow again..."

Aizawa rubbed his jaw, as be squatted next to Powerloader, who was holding the machine as if it was a baby.

If Power Loader can figure out a means to turn off the machine , maybe Nezu can begin searching the security footage from their costumes.

Powerloader turned the machine over in his hands before analyzing it more.

"Can you turn it off?" Aizawa asks.

Powerloader froze at the question, and after a moment seemed to understand the underlying question. "Yes, I can try." He said, a lazy grin overtaking his face.

Now the support course teacher was simply itching to mess with the machine.

Four

It was the fourth day after the collapse. Powerloader was having a harder time than usual cracking the machine.

The heros were becoming more downcast as the days dragged on, though they still cleared as much rubble as possible.

Aizawa had a headache once again.

People can only last three days without water.

People can only last three days without water...

Dehydration.

The thoughts clouded his mind as he continued to guide rescue heros so they could continue to work diligently on the building.

Aizawa looked at the heros on the street. The new shift was arriving and warming up their bodies and quirks. Aizawa glanced over at Power Loader who was still messing with all the wires and using his computer to read off the codes in the machine. Sometimes he deleted or added something.

Aizawa sighed, looking at the mass of rubble behind him that had yet to be cleared.

He felt as if he was on the edge of a mental breakdown.

Shinso and Midoriya.

Midoriya and Shinso.

Two of his most promising students.

Both of them lost and trapped.

Bakugo's hands were bloodied. His knuckles were cut open with red sadness seeping down his fingers.

Bakugo doesn't cry often, he tends to find environments unsafe when there is a sense of unfamiliarity to it. A sense of something missing.

His home wasn't safe. Inko was bunking at their house since the Bakugo's lived closer to the building that collapsed. That meant his parents were constantly helping Inko cope. Katsuki couldn't watch people cry. It made him feel as if a mellowed fire was burning in his chest.

There was a fire, yet no heat.

It was orange, yet had no inner yellow.

It was, in essence, still fire. Yet it would never burn quite properly.

Bakugo didn't like seeing people cry. Bakugo didn't like crying at home.

The dorms weren't save either. Everybody had changed over the

four days since the raid. Especially since Jiro, Hagakure, and Kaminari had returned to their rooms without Midoriya.

The three had come sometime in the middle of the night, probably to avoid being overwhelmed. But each of them had went to their rooms promptly without stopping. Bakugo only knew this because he had just gotten back to the doors from the gym. He had seen their downcast expressions as they shuffled through the doors silently.

And he had waited for them to leave before he went to his room.

UA wasn't safe to cry whatsoever. Two students were missing, one a hero course and the other a general education. Both had been wild contestants in the Sports Festival. Heck, they had even fought each other.

Not to mention they were extremely close friends and often trained together. Bakugo was not blind when he saw them across the gym, training and talking and analyzing together.

And now everyone was mourning their disappearance.

Subconsciously mourning the unsaid idea that the two were dead.

Bakugo did not belive things he could not see or have evidence for.

Currently he was angry Deku and Eyebags were trapped in the building. But he was more angry at the fact everyone around them had given up and began thinking the two were dead. Long gone.

It was infuriating because Bakugo *knew* Deku. He knew Deku was so freaking stubborn. He knew Deku wouldn't be taken down by *a simple building.* He knew Deku would survive.

The nerd had survived this far. It would be a joke to be taken out now.

And he had help, Eyebags was there. That meant both could make it out.

Bakugo knew Deku.

And Kacchan knew Deku would survive.

As soon as PowerLoader started hollering, Aizawa knew he had at least found a way to stop the device.

He smiled softly, afterall this was a small win. Once his shift was up, he would go to Nezu to watch the cams. Hopefully the costume cameras worked...

A ding erupted from Aizawa's pocket. He glanced at the Rescue Hero's below. They were currently cleaning out debris from what seemed to originally be a bedroom. He quickly grabbed his phone from his back pocket.

Speak of the rat, it was Nezu.

Nezu: *Come to UA immediately.*

Connected

Aizawa, Toshinori, Tsukauchi, and Nezu were in the chimera's office at UA.

Nezu was typing at his computer, paws working a mile a minute. Tsukauchi and Aizawa were sitting down next to Nezu so they could see. Toshinori was forced to sit on a stool behind Nezu's short chair, since the hero was approximately seven feet tall.

Finally, Nezu let out a sigh of relief and his shoulders fell slightly. "I'm in..." He mumbled, beginning to pull up the camera's current feeds.

Slowly, he felt his heart begin to drop down into his chest. "No...." he whispered, paw to his maw as he tried to spot an error. His mind was running speedily, attempting to analyze what facts weren't there.

The three humans stiffened at the sound of Nezu's comment.

"Wait--" Toshinori cleared his throat as his voice had cracked.

Tsukauchi put a hand on his friend's shoulder and began speaking. "What is it, Nezu?"

All eyes turned to the UA Principle as he kept refreshing the screen that showed the camera's current status. The current data regarding the occupant of the camera's and suits.

After a few more tense seconds, Nezu's frantic attempts slowed to a hault. It was an odd feeling for the chimera to show emotions, much less a restless and devastated one. But he knew what a loss this was--how painful this was.

He sighed, turning to meet Aizawa's slightly wide eyes. Since it was his idea to install the cameras, he would be the first to understand. "The cameras are currently off." Aizawa stiffened, as if feeling the

looming presence the next few sentences would hold. "The cameras were programmed to turn off a couple hours after the...heart stops...."

A sharp inhale was heard as Tsukauchi took in the information, eyes wide.

"No, that--that can't be r-ight." Toshinori supplied, an empty hopefulness overtaking his mind. "Surely the cameras are glitching. Young Midoirya and young Shinso--clearly they cannot have...." He trailed off, refusing to even thinking about the rest of the sentence.

Nezu turned to Toshinori, "There is a log of the past few days leading up to their turning off. The memories on that log have imported to my computer the second Powerloader turned off the compound's device...we can look at those to see if they're--if the cameras have glitches."

The room was silent as an unsaid comment hung through the air.

H*opefully the kids are still alive and the cameras simply glitched.*

Separated

Izuku and Shinso were next to each other. Or at least they were. The duo were supposed to stay close to Snipe and only fight when absolutely necessary. Otherwise they were to scout and protect Snipe so he could take the shot on All for One.

But when the nomu first came out, it had barreled through their group of three as well as a couple other Hero v. Villain fights before it was confronted by Nighteye's gang. Since getting impaled by the Eight Precepts Raid, Nighteye hasn't technically been released to do heavy duty fighting, but he was allowed to attend the raid as long as he stayed away from using full-blown battle sequences.

By the time Deku dodged the bolting nomu, he found that he had dived a tad bit too far and consequently lost sight of Snipe. And Shinso.

With his senses now on overdrive, he looked around the room. So far the fights seemed evenly matched and the heros were doing fairly well. If he jumped into any brawls not only would he be in trouble but he might botch any of the hero's fights by limiting the moves he could make.

He didn't want to be a liability--a nuisance--within the fight . So he opted to continue to look around .

Suddenly a small flicker of blue was seen from the corner of his eyes . He glanced in the direction only to find a set of stairs .

Slowly, carefully, he walked over to listen for any noises. Through all the ruckus of the raid, he couldn't hear much, but he managed to make out the sound of heavy breaking and mumbling.

The voice was raspy yet quiet. As if the caller was whispering. He couldn't understand what said person was whispering about though . Suddenly a cracking sound rung out from slightly behind Izuku. He looked behind himself to access the damage.

The wall was painted a grey color, but the drywall was cracked and had

big holes that seemed to be from punches and kicks. Clearly the wall was not load bearing, but the stress of the stray nomu being catapulted towards said wall caused more cracks to form. Quickly, the nomu was able to get back up and bolt towards the fight once more.

Suddenly the wall crumbled under the gaze of his eyes, and before he could even think about it, Midoriya threw himself to the safest area he could think of. Down the small, dark staircase.

Once down a couple step, he heard the non-loadbaring wall fall down . Clearly the wall was the least of his worries since it was not going to lead into the utter demise of the building and since it didn't block the pathway to the stairs.

But the ragged breath of someone in the corner of the bottom of the stairwell caught Midoriya's utmost attention. Disreguarding all forms of safety precautions , Midoriya stepped closer to the sounds of frantic breathing and mumbling .

"Sensei the nomu's...send them...must...Sensei hurry...get the nomu's...please...nomu... can't be useless... can't watch family...die...Sensei. Sensei please....Please..." Midoriya had managed to get close enough to make out majority of the mumbling. It sounded as if Shigaraki was on a call, vulnerable and scared . It was new for Midoriya to see Shigaraki frightened and showing his weaknesses. Even back in USJ, he seemed childish yet relatively collected.

At least more collected than in the current situation . Unless something had happened before the raid that left Shigaraki susceptible to being vulnerable.

Midoriya wasn't one to read into facts that aren't there, but he could understand if Shigaraki had trauma. Most villains did . And most villains were never able to maintain healthy coping mechanisms to deal with that trauma.

Heck , Deku himself didn't have healthy coping mechanism for dealing with his past of torment and bullying . Nonetheless , he had a support system now and spending time with his friends and mother helped him to have the perseverance to get out of bed most days .

When Deku snapped back out of his thoughts , he noticed the sound of nails scraping skin getting louder , getting closer .

"Who's there?" Was the question Shigaraki uttered next.

There was the soft sound of something small being decentigrated near Midoriya as Shigaraki drew closer . The villain's voice seemed strained, the villain sounded drained of all energy.

Deku gasped when a hand jutted out, holding his left arm in place, effectively allowing Deku to become still.

A lighter was turned on mere inches between Shigaraki and Deku's faces. The lighting illuminated both faces and casted intimidating shadows upon each of their features .

Deku looked at Shigarki who was looming over him, lip busted and a black eye prominent . Shigaraki was actively shaking , his muscles straining to hold himself upwards .

Not being able to keep himself quiet , Izuku spoke the first thing on his mind. "Are you okay ? You're hurt?"

Watch

Shinso was nervous, he hadn't seen Midoriya since the Nomu catapulted itself through half the heroes and villains. His violet eyes were frantically analyzing the whole base, searching for his friend.

A flash of green movement turning a corner was all that it took for Shinso to realize Midoriya must have found something. So he began to silently stray from their babysitter, Snipe, and attempt to reign in Midoriya.

And maybe actually fight some villains.

Shinso felt like he wanted to be useful to the raid, and so far no one was letting him use his quirk, let alone fight.

Probably because Aizawa wanted to make sure he was relatively safe while still experiencing hero work to its fullest extent. And his quirk was helpful if things got out of hand. Afterall, Shinso was still somewhat new to the prospect of actively becoming a hero. He had been on a few missions previously, but none as big as this.

When Aizawa had told him about the mission, he was beyond nervous and excited. Afterall, he would be going on a mission with his favorite hero.

But now all he felt was the impending feeling of something being wrong. The air seemed too thick. The noise seemed too controlled.

Shinso glanced around again as he made his way to where he saw Midoriya headed. He wouldn't lose his friend in all his chaos. He knew Midoriya has a…track record of…impulsiveness and blatant disregard of self worth in these scenarios. Shinso wouldn't let that happen.

He watched as an Ectoplasm clone crept behind Twice before attempting to get the villain in a headlock. It didn't work and both ended up tumbling to the ground.

By this time, Shinso reached the far side of the room. He had made sure to keep himself under the radar of all Heros and Villains alike. His impeccable skill of remaining silent was one he had articulated in Junior High. He had to find a means to come home relatively unscathed every day afterall.

He quickly flattened himself against the wall before turning to look down the hall Midoriya had traveled. Deeming it safe from murderous villains and nomu, he followed towards the noise of murmering.

After passing by a few doors, he began to hear a loud crash. Bolting forward, he is able to see the Nomu that was fighting Nighteye's group had crashed into a nearby wall. Chunks of the drywall began falling from the spot, yet the nomu simply catapulted itself back at the heros. Shinso watched from far away as everything happened. Blinking out of his daze once more, he continued down the hallway.

The ground cracked under his weight. The murmurs of quiet voices tricking thought the small hallway was almost completely drowned out by the sound of something heavy shifting. Shinso took to time to fling himself forward and cover his head with his arms, falling into a bit of a crouch. He felt the ground shake as the wall the Nomu collided with, began to crumble and fall down. After a few moments, Shinso begins coughing at the massive dust cloud that had rose up.

Hacking out a lung, he observes his surroundings. The hallway leading into the main raid was completely destroyed. The wall had collapsed onto the adjacent wall, leaving an overlapping, thick pile of rubble.

Shinso felt a sense of dread pooling in his stomach. Fear crept up his spine as he shivered.

He slowly pulled the collar of his shirt over his nose and mouth, holding it there with a shaky hand. Breathing in smoke would not be good, especially as the warehouse-turned-bar seemed to be…condemned a while ago.

On shaky legs, Shinso kept one hand to the wall to help guide him through sections of thick dust. The other hand continued to hold up his shirt, filtering the air.

Shinso speeds up his pace, ignoring the creaky building and moves closer and closer to the general direction of his friend.

Now he knows for a fact, he must find Midoriya. He just hoped the greenette wasn't injured.

Not even a couple steps later he reached a staircase. It was dark. Then again, the whole room was dark at this point. Shinso's eyes were adjusting quite decently. That didn't mean he felt safe in the darkness though.

"--u okay? You're hurt?" Came a worried sounding Midoriya. Quickly Shinso began running down the stairs, pushing aside his frantic thoughts.

He couldn't be blinded by his own pessimism. But it was increasingly hard to stay optimistic by the situation. Their only entrance and exit had been demolished.

Unless one of the other two doors was an exit, though Shinso doubted it.

The stairs creaked under pressure.

Suddenly a booming noise caused Shinso to falter his steps, eventually crashing down the staircase.

Stories

Midoriya and Shigaraki froze at the sound of a gigantic crash followed by another loud noise.

Midoriya gulped as he felt Shigaraki's grip tighten ever so slightly. He felt like his left arm was about to fall off. It felt prickly, so he assumed it was either asleep or losing circulation. Hopefully not the latter.

Shigaraki turned off his lighter, opting to not showcase their location to the unknown entity dropping in. If all goes south, he would not hesitate to throw the Hero in Training towards the threat and then book it to save himself.

There was no shame in believing that sacrificing this pitiful hero would aid in the young adult's survival.

As long as he could outrun the brat, then he would win. It was as simple as that.

Neither boy breathed until they heard a groan and the sound of someone scooting down the rest of the stairs, not bothering to stand up.

Midoriya rolled his eyes, knowing his friend had somehow decided to follow him. Slowly, Midoriya looked back to Shigaraki. His vision had adjusted to the darkness of the basement, so he could make out shapes and the dark shadows within shadows.

Shigaraki hadn't noticed that Midoriya became less tense. Shigaraki was still currently analyzing the potential threat and possible ways to pass the current level.

He began scratching at his throat with his free hand, blood specks chipping away and embedding themselves under his fingernails.

Another soft groan was heard before the sound of shuffling fabric entered their ears. "...Midoriya…? Are you in here?" Was what a deep, seemingly unbothered voice asked.

Shigaraki snapped his head towards his green haired captive, weighing the pros and cons of letting his fifth finger disintegrate the green haired child's arm. But he was too slow because the teen had grabbed his wrist and managed to make Shigaraki lose his grip on the limb he was keeping hostage.

"Yeah, I'm over here Shinso!" Was the reply.

Shigaraki growled under his breath. First one hero-in-training brat was spying on him, now another one showed up.

He couldn't deal with these…these children! His head was pounding, a muscle in his eyelid was spazzing, and his neck as well as his leg was stinging. He was in no mood to fight, no mood to deal with these imbeciles--these brainwashed hero brats who had everything handed to them on a silver platter.

He heard the child coined "Shinso" move closer to Midoriya. Feeling as if there was no immediate threat, Shigaraki walked off and situated himself against the wall. He was so tired, so sleepy, so mentally and physically exhausted. His body felt as if it was shutting down, but first his ears pickled at the idea of listening into the other two's conversation.

"--hy are you here? I thought you were with Snipe?" Midoriya asked, looking at his friend as he talked.

"You were supposed to be with him too, I just followed through with the buddy system technique." Shinso defended, crossing his arms over his chest.

Upon seeing Shinso stubb up, Midoriya released a small laugh. It was as if they were back at the dorms, goofing off in the middle of the night. But reality hit him fairly fast and his laugher was cut off, replaced by a more serious tone.

"Do you know what that big crash was before you came in?" Midoriya asked, bracing for the worst possible news.

"I dunno what the direct cause of it was, but the ground shook really fast and a wall right outside of the staircase collapsed…" Shinso said, rubbing the back of his neck. He was currently feeling fatigued

physically. Mentally he felt scared.

So freaking scared.

He could feel his hands shaking as he tried to slow them down. "They–" His voice cracked so he began to start again. "The debris sealed off the exit."

Midoriya inhaled sharply. A sealed exit was bad news.

Shigaraki, though his posture stayed relaxed, mulled over the horrid situation. He was trapped with two heroes in training, under the collapsed building, with minimal resources and bad survival statistics. He felt the weight slowly settle on his shoulders.

He was the oldest in the room, but he could hardly take care of himself. And he was stuck with hero brats.

Shigaraki let out an exhausted groan and began scratching his neck.

Midoriya flinched at the noise, having accidently forgotten the villain was with them while conversing with Shinso.

Shinso had jumped almost two full feet in the air. He hadn't realized Shigaraki--the leader of the League of Villains--was down here as well. His pulse quickened as he glanced around the small, dark room in hopes of spotting threats.

Besides the adult villain leaning on the wall, there was none.

That didn't make Shinso relax, in fact, he was more anxious than ever. The cause being Midoriya practically running to the villain, and yanking his wrist away from his pale neck.

Shinso jolted at the abrupt scene. The poor purple haired boy was about to experience a heart attack.

"No! You can't hurt yourself." Midoriya scolded, voice firm. It was such a voice that Shinso only recalled when the greenette was speaking of a subject he was passionate about.

Like hero notes.

But passionate about not hurting yourself…

Midoriya broke his bones on the regular, he's the least certified person to speak on this subject.

Heck, he even has a hospital bed reserved for him both in Recovery Girl's office and one in the local hospital.

Shigaraki sat there stunned, eyes wide as he looked at the hero in training who was gently, yet firmly gripping his wrist, holding it away from his neck. The villain licked his dry lips to moisturize them. He hadn't seen All Might's prized successor like this before. It struck his curiosity. It struck his annoyance.

He attempted to yank his hand from the teen's hold, only to have held firmly in place. He growled lightly, annoyed at the teen touching him.

"Let go," he warned, voice thick in annoyance and anger.

Shigaraki hadn't grown up with affection, so the lack of physical touch grew into a deep rooted hatred of skin contact with people. Heck, he wouldn't even shake anyone's hand on a business deal.

"No," the scrawny child insisted. "You shouldn't hurt yourself."

Shigaraki rolled his eyes. His annoyance getting the best of him, he blurted out words before thinking. "And what would a hero brat like you know about not hurting yourself?"

Shinso, who had been slowly moving closer to both individuals, flinched and stilled.

Midoriya's face hardened for a moment and then softened. He let go of the young adult's wrist, letting it be pulled back to Shigaraki's, chest. Slowly, he seated himself next to Shigaraki.

He made sure not to touch the villain, having noticed his hatred for human contact. Midoriya smiled bitterly, remembering he was like that once too.

Shinso, after taking a deep breath, looked into Midoriya's eyes. It was dark, but he could spot the small green glimmer of determination within

his iris.

Sighing, Shinso moved to sit on the other side of Shigaraki.

It was quiet for a moment. The room seemed even smaller than before.

Another loud boom, followed by the room shaking and the sound of falling items caused all three people to flinch hard.

Shigaraki felt angry at these…these children! The stupid, stupid hero dreaming brats. They had their head so far stuck up that they couldn't see society at its cruelest moments. They didn't understand what it was like to lose their family because their quirk was so destructive. They didn't know how it felt to watch everything crumble between their fingers. They didn't know how it felt to live on the streets, scared of their own hands. They didn't know what it was like to watch heros simply walk away, ignoring a small, broken boy crying on the sidewalk outside his home.

What right did these stuck up brats have to tell him to stop.

Shigaraki felt a small pressure on his other hand, pulling it away from his face. He hadn't even realized he had started scratching again.

"Please…just…don't hurt yourself." Midoriya persisted, though his voice was thin and sad.

Shigaraki stayed silent, observing the two people next to him. He wanted to move as far away from these brats as possible. But he found himself rooted to his spot on the ground. Slowly, Midoriya started to rub circles in his wrist. Begrudgingly, Shigaraki let him.

"I was called a villain too." Shigaraki froze at the nearly silent whisper of the teen to his left. Shinso was looking at his hands. His fingers were picking at the skin around his nails, pulling it off.

Shigaraki remained silent, watching the teen with a careful gaze. He was attempting to decide if the teen was telling the truth or making up a story. So far, the young teen seemed to be telling the truth--if the pain intricately laced in his voice was anything to go by.

"Brainwashing is not a hero's quirk." The teen continued, the comforting

presence of his friend egging him on, as well as the lack of interruptions from Shigaraki. "I was told day in and day out…" Shinso took in a shaky breath, pausing to calm his nerves before continuing. "That I would never amount to anything--especially not a hero." He spit the last four words with a venom only someone who had been abused their whole lives could ever fathom to utter.

Midoriya wanted to comfort the teen as he had always done before, but he stayed still. He changed the soft circles to triangles, still rubbing the soothing shapes upon Shigaraki's wrist.

Over time, Midoriya had developed the nervous tic, constantly wanting to feel his close friend's heartbeats. He had needed the reassurance that he finally had people who cared for him. And that he wasn't making up the scenario of becoming a hero.

Shigaraki sat stunned. His leg twitched once. He could tell the purple haired kid wasn't lying. Brainwashing had always been an ability Sensei wanted to get his hands on. And as a villain, he could see the appeal to have that quirk for their daily raids and evil plans. Yet he hadn't specifically realized that Shinso had a brainwashing quirk. Not many people did due to him being quiet about it. Yet Midoriya had made the insomniac increasingly more open to explore his quirk, and strive to prove his bullies wrong. Midoriya had landed a hand to Shinso, making the latter feel as if it was okay to have a brainwashing quirk. That his DNA and quirk gene was not severely flawed.

Shigaraki could almost feel the teens resolve and determination to be a hero wafting through the room. Yet more noticeably, he could now practically see the hard work and almost infinite amounts of blood, sweat, and tears, it had taken Shinso to become who he was today.

He hated to say it to a hero, as it would have been a wonderful quirk to have within the League, but Shinso's drive was respectable.

Not that Shigaraki would dare utter it aloud.

Shinso stayed quiet after that, slumping against the wall they were all on. He was happy to have gotten that off his chest. Although he had spoken many times about the consistent abuse to Midoriya, he now felt truly and utterly relieved. Shigaraki noticed the sudden calm shift.

Out of the corner of his eyes he saw the dark mass of hair Midoriya had, bobbing up and down in a silent nod. The greenette was both proud and happy for his friend. Proud that he was able to say something on a topic so sensitive. Happy that he finally felt relief.

Now, it was time for Midoriya to do the same. Slowly he let his hand stop rubbing shapes in Shigaraki's skin, instead moving to grab his opposite arm's gloves. Slowly he removed both and set them carefully on the floor next to him.

Shigaraki was blatantly confused, yet refused to take his eyes off the enemy. The hero child.

Slowly, after taking in a deep breath, Midoriya grabbed Shigaraki's wrist and moved it towards the greenette. The young adult fought the urge to retract his hand from the teens gentle grip, yet also felt compelled to understand what Midoriya was attempting to do.

Slowly, Midoriya rested Shigaraki's hand on his left arm and dragged his hand upward. Shigaraki was careful of his fingers, not desiring to turn the teen to ash.

Yet.

But his breath got caught in the back of his throat. All up and down the boy's arms were long bumps. Most were clearly healed and scared, yet some were left in the final stages before scarring completely. Shigaraki didn't know what to think. His brain was still, and he remained stiff, even as Midoriya dropped the villain's hand.

Shigaraki was confused. He was in shock. He was rethinking his ideals.

The kid who had everything--was All Might's successor, had an insanely strong Strength Enhancing Quirk, heck he probably was loved all his life even--had resorted to cutting through his flesh as if he was painting a canvas multiple times.

Shigarkai, as someone who had killed his family, watched them all die before him, and has killed countless more lives when he turned a villain, had even thought of cutting as a small mental release from present time. Yet he had never acted on it. He only scratched his heck and sometimes

his arms when he is severely anxious or when he overused his quirk.

Slowly, quietly, Midoriya answered the question clouding the room. "...was quirkless…"

Figurative ice water dropped down on Shigaraki's head. He felt the chills ride up his arm. If there was one group of people who were treated the same as "villainous quirked" individuals, it would be the quirkless. Heck, the quirkless probably get it worse off.

Afterall, it was one thing to have a "bad" quirk, but it was a totally different thing to have no quirk at all.

All three boys sat in silence. They were pondering their lives, their predicament, lost within the cavern of their minds, haunted by the thoughts that brought them pain long ago.

Rest

It had been hours. It had taken a while to process information on everyone's end. Shigaraki felt as if he had been lied to by his own thought processes growing up. He had fostered a deep hatred for heros after they had failed to help him when he needed it most as a child. But over the years he had failed to realize that everyone--and all through he hated to admit it, everyone included heros--is human.

Humans experience painful things. And after hearing Shinso's story of being bullied and abused throughout his life simply due to a quirk people coined villainous, Shigaraki felt like he had a slight connection to the boy.

They had both had similar problems, the circumstances were the only thing that differed. Shinso still had one loving family member that never gave up on him, his father.

However Midoriya had been failed by everyone. Including his mother. He was quirkless, seen as a sin of society. And society tended to play the exorcist and force "karma" upon the teen. The greenette had admitted to some violence the bullies used on him as a child.

Locking him in the janitor's closet, burning his clothes, stealing his lunch, sometimes becoming physically violent. The teachers had turned a blind eye. His best friend's had dropped him, leaving his small, young, frail body alone in the middle of sharks who kept circling their prey. He was even scared of his mother. She had never outright done anything to abuse him or anything, no Inko was an amazing mother. Izuku loved her dearly. However it stung when the young greenette realized his own mother didn't believe he could be a hero without a quirk. It was a final slap to the face.

So much so that he never went to her and spoke about the bullying. He had turned in upon himself and his extroverted childhood personality decayed into a watchful introvert. He had turned his eyes off of analyzing heros and instead kept a close eye on his surroundings--the people in his surroundings--fearing someone would attempt to hurt him

more. That year, he had left all notebooks, all personality traits of the original, pre-diagnosed child, behind.

Midoriya had been thoroughly abandoned to the point of turning to self harm as a coping mechanism. And it was worse because no one had stopped him. Ever.

After making it into UA, he had felt fulfilled enough to stop of his own accord. And he had taken drastic means to cover up the scars. One of which being an elixir that came from a nice woman online, who's quirk helped aid suicide survivors and previous self harm victims temporarily cover up their scars from the eyes of any and every onlooker. Midoriya had gotten it secretly, and since then he was able to train without worrying about his past coping mechanism or his questioning, concerned peers.

Shigaraki felt guilty because he at least grew up with Sensei, who had attempted to slowly manipulate the blue haired kid's mindset, but was overall a very supportive figure. He also had Kurogiri to help him when he felt like clawing his throat to shreds was appealing.

Midoriya had suffered on his own for years. And Shigaraki felt a profound emotion when he looked at the teen in a new light.

Both of the teens looked like broken clay pots. They had experienced such tragedies, yet still glued their rough edges back together with golden hues.

And they still wanted to be heros.

Yet no hero saved them either.

Afterall, heros couldn't save everyone.

Especially heros with licenses.

These two people on either side of him were not merely heros in training, they were just kids.

Kids who had been bashed in by society and survived.

Kids who were much like himself.

And much different at the same time.

……

They had tried repeatedly to find an exit, though to no avail. The rubble wouldn't move, every possible exit, hole, or crevice was sealed off and therefore impossible to use.

Shinso felt claustrophobic in the building's confines. He missed his dad. He missed seeing the heros. But he was glad he wasn't alone In this scary situation.

Shigaraki felt…odd. He didn't know how to articulate his emotions in a format that would make sense to himself or others. But he did feel a sense of betrayal. From himself as well as his Sensei. He felt as if he had actually opened his eyes after years of being comatose.

Midoriya felt tired. But he didn't necessarily miss UA or anyone specific at the moment. As horrible as it sounds, he had finally felt the pressure of being the "perfect successor" melt away. All Might never directly put pressure on him, however the idea that Midoriya was supposed to single handedly pass the legacy of the Hero Of Peace…. It was hard for a teenager. He felt that even though Shigaraki had tried to kill him and his friends, the young adult understood how Shinso and him felt. They were far from perfect. They had every reason to become villains.

Heck, they were just a slight mindset change away from becoming villains themselves.

No one could blame them.

"Someone will come along and save us." Midoriya muttered, trying to alleviate the downcast mood.

"Who? Your silly heros?" Shigaraki spit out before thinking, venom lacing his voice. Although he felt slightly bad about snapping at the teenager who was in the same situation as him. He turned to angle his face, looking out if the corner of his eye to spot Midoriya's reaction. He still couldn't figure out Midoriya, he didn't know the depths of the greenette's past.

Shinso, a few seconds late, slapped Shigaraki's arm for his rude behavior. Yet Midoriya simply offered a watery smile.

"At least he is trying to be optimistic." The sleepy teen hissed.

It was quiet once more.

…….

"Does the air seem to be feeling thicker?" Shinso asked, looking to the other two for an answer.

Shigaraki grumbled, nodding. It did seem to take more effort to get air inside his lungs. The darkness was still opaque, yet Shigaraki didn't want to use his lighter just to make a small, insignificant flame.

By now the room was getting colder. The three boys had somehow ended up closer together in a sad attempt at staying warm together.

"Y-yeah." Midoriya stuttered. The poor teen was shaking, and when he began hugging Shigaraki's arm for comfort, the villain noticed that the kid was ice cold.

Not wanting to bring it up, Shigaraki pulled his arm away minutes later and wrapped it around the teen's shoulder instead. Midoriya was shocked but quickly moved closer. Shigaraki was warmer, and Midoriya wanted to be comforted.

Shigaraki hated to admit it, but he had started to feel as if these hero brats were like little siblings. Sighing begrudgingly, he pulled Shinso closer to him as well. He would allow them to seek refuge in his embrace until they were warm again. For one time only .

It was a few seconds of despondent silence before Shinso spoke up. "What does…that mean?"

"We might be running out of oxygen." Shigaraki said monotonously. There was no use of feathering his words when they were within the grips of a life or death situation. Not to mention, Shigaraki didn't think anyone would be able to save them.

Shinso shuddered at the thought. "Let's hope not."

…….

"Tenko I-I'm hungry." Midoriya whispered from his spot next to the villain. They had been here for what felt like a day. They had tried to search for any food or water that could have miraculously appeared but to no avail.

Instead they had hoped to sleep off their thirst and hunger. Fatigue was eating through their muscles and organs .

"I know, I know. We all are, 'Ku." He positioned his arm to run through the teens massive curls. A few hours ago, Tenko and Hitoshi had found a small cloth and ripped it in half, effectively wrapping the ends around two of Shigaraki's destructive fingers per hand. Since the beginning, the three had gotten closer. Afterall, they had learned a lot about each other within the confines of their predicaments.

Shigaraki's *stomach growled painfully as well, but he pretended to ignore it.*

Hitoshi laid his head in the young adult's lap, using him as a pillow. They were sleepy, hungry, thirsty, and the air was feeling thicker.

Shigaraki, for the first time in forever, wished a hero would save them.

……

They had been in silence for far too long. Their throats felt as if they would decay from lack of water. Their stomachs growled for food that wouldn't come.

The small gap of rubble they sat within sometimes shifted and threatened to cave. They feared its collapse.

The air they once used to breathe unconsciously while going about their everyday lives was now limited and waning.

They were cold, shivering bodies who only found warmth in sharing each others heat. They felt too stiff to move. They felt weak with lack of sustenance.

They hated the silence.

"I wish…we had met…as children." Midoriya breathed deeply, seeking a full amount of air for his lungs but funding none. His breaths are shallow and slow. His voice cracked as it strained to talk, yet it held so much raw emotion.

Shinso agreed, smiling softly at the idea.

But Shigaraki was confused. Why would the little hero want to meet as children?

Almost as if he read the villain's mind, Midoriya continued to explain his thought process through the fog of his internal drowsiness.

"If we met…as children…then we could ha…have been happier…we could have…been friends longer…we…could have…been…equals…heros." His voice got softer, albeit thick with exhaustion.

Shigaraki felt a deep sense of dread. He knew what was coming. As a villain he had seen the exhaustion of final moments more times that he felt he wanted to admit. But somehow knowing it was 'Ku felt different.

The greenette was more often beaten for a gene that didn't contain a quirk than he was loved. He wasn't given a choice between hero or villain, he was simply just deemed worthless. He was not able to turn to

anyone, he dealt with his emotions and rotting happiness by himself. He survived by himself. He had a hope to be a hero, to be saved by a hero. But his genuine kindness would be his downfall.

"I'm sor-ry…we were…forced…to be…enemies…" Midoriya was turning limp slowly, his lungs slowing down pitifully. "I wish…things were… different…." There was a slight pause. "You're...both so...'mazing ...Tenko...'nd Toshi...." Midoriya was struggling to stay awake. He could feel his eyes rolling to the back of his head.

"Hey, hey," Shigaraki whispers, finally letting his emotions show through. He felt as if he was losing someone he had known for a long time. "It's okay 'Ku, you can take a nap and rest…." A lump formed in his throat. This situation was harder than he had first imagined. He thought he was desensitized to death, yet learning about people who grew up into similar scenarios as him…he felt a sense of kinship--a sense of brotherhood. "I'll see you...when you wa--wake up...and I'll make sure you're safe..." He takes his right hand and slowly moves so Midoriya is laying his head on the villain's lap. After he is situated, Shigaraki runs his fingers gently through the teen's hair.

Shinso, who had been listening intently the whole time, begins to sob. He curls further into Shigaraki's side. He doesn't fully comprehend what is happening, but the feeling of foreboding envelopes him in a crippling sadness.

…….

Shinso and Shigaraki were exhausted. Beyond exhausted.

But Shigaraki felt like an older brother, and wanted to hold out on his exhaustion until Shinso was ready.

Midoriya had not woken up from his nap. And Shigaraki did not dare tell Shinso what that meant. It would be cruel to show this child, who he views as a younger brother, the cruelties of life when heros don't show up.

Shigaraki rubbed Shinso's thin arm in an attempt to soothe the tired teenager.

"Hopefully the heros…come soon." Shinso whispered. He still held a small sliver of hope in his heart that heros would prevail. He missed his family--his dad. He missed UA and spending time with Midoriya and his class and 1A and Aizawa. He wanted to hug his father, because no matter what, his father always fostered his unrelenting desire to become a hero.

A hug would be nice.

But he knew they were far away, so he turned to the only other people he currently has. Shigaraki and Midoriya.

Shigaraki, sensing Shinso's inner turmoil, pulls the teen close and into a firm side-hug.

"You can rest, Hito...I got you," Shigaraki whispers.

It took a bit, but slowly Shinso began to relax. "I wish…we got to know you sooner." He whispered back. "You're really cool." A soft smile graces his lips as he begins to go limp, his body finally giving into dehydration and utter exhaustion.

……..

Shigaraki felt lucid, like he was in a dream.

The room was beginning to spin, the darkness began to get thicker. The air was so thin that he couldn't breath well at all.

Neither Midoriya nor Shinso had woken up. And Shigaraki doubted they ever would. He let a tear run down his face as he looked at the still bodies of two Heroes in Training. Two children who turned to become heros even though no one saved them before.

Two children who had genuinely wanted to help save others like them. Others like Shigaraki.

He felt connected to the two innocent kids. He felt exhausted and alone

now that they were sleeping peacefully. Their chests were still, and they seemed at ease, unworried about their body's current whereabouts and danger.

Unaware of being trapped under a body of rubble.

Shigaraki felt despondent. He knew the hero's wouldn't save them. He knew they couldn't save them.

"Your heroes…have failed you…" He mumbled, closing his eyes and tuning out the spinning world around him.

Dishes

"Oh God." Tsukauchi mumbled, a couple tears escaping his eyes.

"My, well this certainly was not…" Nezu slowly trailed off. There were too many words he could use but none would fully envelope what they just saw.

Toshinori was bawling from behind Nezu, Tsukauchi was attempting to wrap his head around the events they just observed.

Almost three full days of video surveillance and the lack of food, water, and oxygen had killed two UA kids and a villain. But Shinso and Midoriya had refused to lose hope.

Aizawa was also feeling a mass amount of emotions. So much had just happened, so much had come to light in the camera's video footage. His personal student who he had invested his free time and training into…had died. The same student he had allowed in on the case, watching Toga and getting to know her.

Heck, Aizawa felt he had watched Shinso grow from a saddened, despondent teen who had always viewed himself as nothing but someone who dreamed too big: someone who dreamed to be a hero. But recently, the purple haired teen had begun to believe in himself and allowed his previously suppressed sarcastic personality to have free reign. Aizawa was proud of Shinso for becoming comfortable and confident within his own skin--with his own quirk.

And Midoriya. He had been a problem child through and through, but his morals were always aligned. His persistence and drive was what made and broke him. He wanted to save everyone and he had faith that everyone could do good. He would stray from rules if he thought he could save someone outside the realm of the law.

But it all made sense after the video. From what they gathered, Midoriya had actively partook in harming himself. The video was too grainy to figure out to what degree but from Shigaraki's

reaction, the mutilation was bad. Aizawa felt as if he failed his students.

Toshinori felt as if he completely failed his so--successor. As someone who had been quirkless before Nana gave him One for All, he completely understood some of the emotions that ransacked one's brain. He understood how the bullying went. But when he looked at Midoriya, he didn't see someone who had been bullied relentlessly.

Midoriya always seemed relatively happy, excited to be a hero and he had determination like no other. But then again, didn't All Might always save people with a smile too?

The reality of how much Toshinori had accidentally overlooked felt like a punch to the gut.

Tsukauchi looked over at his blonde friend, the latter had begun gripping his hair and pulling on it. The detective slowly moved his shaking hand to the pro hero's wrist and gently tried to move it away.

He gave a watery smile to the pro, attempting to show that the hero shouldn't tear himself apart over everything that just happened. Yet they had learned a lot. Yes they had seen some horrible events unfold, yes they just saw two teens and a young adult in their dying moments still hoping to be saved by people who couldn't reach them fast enough…

Heck, they still weren't able to reach them yet, the rubble was so compact in some areas, one section took hours at a time so shift through.

But heros going down the path of self loathing before their job is done, that would be unhelpful. There were still things the four of them had to do.

"We need to inform Mrs. Midoriya and Mr. Shinso. I suspect you both, as personal trainers, go to the respective houses. Take a copy of the tape…" Nezu trailed off, maw set in a frown as his eyes hardened. "They deserve to know what happened and they deserve

to have final say on whatever happens next." It was a somber little speech, one that Nezu was getting no joy out of whatsoever. His sadistic side was mellowed.

They had lost two amazing heroes in training.

They had lost two wonderful kids.

Three people who had been dealt a foul set of cards had been killed.

And Nezu was still fuming that it was his plan that failed and resulted in the deaths of three individuals, two of which were children under his watch.

He was unaware of Toshinori and Aizawa finally leaving the room after Tsukauchi connected their phones onto UA's server to download the tapes.

Nezu pushed his face into his paws and sighed. There was a lot to think about right now.

……..

Mrs. Midoriya had all her nails torn to the quick, the skin around them bloodied from a bad nervous habit. The news was playing from the other room--she didn't dare turn it off after the building collapsed, even though there was no new information or breaking news.

She couldn't tell if that was good or bad yet.

Instead she just busied herself on cleaning the small amounts of dishes she had in her sink.

It had been a relatively quiet night, and even the neighbors throughout the apartment made no noise. No phones rang through the still hallways. No birds were chirping on the telephone wires outside. The world was still and silent except for the almost inaudible murmer of the television, the light gushing of the tap water and the soft clinking of dishes hitting each other as Inko scrubbed a plate.

Suddenly a knock from the front door sounded. The abrupt noise made Inko flinch. She slowly put her rag on the counter as well as the plate back in the sink. She could re-wash it later. She put her frail hands under the tap, watching as the water rolled down her sudsy hands. After that she reached for a towel and dried them.

Her steps were light as she made her way to he front door.

For whatever reason, she had a bad feeling in the depths of her gut.

Inko didn't want to open that door.

But she did. And she was left standing in confusion. "Oh…hello, Tohsinori?" She began, confusion and fear bubbling up in the pit of her stomach.

Recovery

Informing Mrs. Midoriya and Mr. Shinso of their sons' deaths was devastating. Both for themselves as well as Toshinori and Aizawa.

The camera footage did little to console the parents, but it was necessary to show them their children even if it was in their final moments.

Mr. Shinso loved Hitoshi with his full heart. He had been so happy for him when Eraserhead, a pro hero who had taken interest in the teen, had begun teaching him the ropes of heroics. It was a proud moment for the father to know that Hitsohi hadn't given up. It was even better when Hotoshi admitted he had made a friend who absolutely adored his Brainwashing quirk. Watching his son thrive with the new, accepting people in UA made Mr. Shinso swell with pride. His son had made it. His son had been one step closer to becoming a hero.

But it all came crashing down when the building collapsed. And it further deteriorated when he saw Aizawa, Shinso's personal trainer, standing outside his front door with a downcast expression.

He had watched the tape. He had cried when Hitoshi talked about the bullies, about the violence people bestowed upon a kid whose genes produced a quirk that was deemed as a villain's power.

It was truly heartbreaking to hear your son tell more negative memories of his past abuse to a Villain and a fellow kid in the eyes of death. Shinso's father felt that he had failed. Afterall, his son had decided to tell a previous villain the abuse he went through instead of telling his father.

It was a painful experience.

Aizawa had seen what Mr. Shinso had been feeling and patted him on the back. "Kids who experience this kind of quirk discrimination have a hard time coming to terms with what happened to them.

Often, they only open up to other kids or people who experienced some of the same--or at least similar--experiences."

Aizawa wasn't used to talking much, but he didn't like seeing people blame themselves when it was clearly illogical and incorrect.

.....

After a few hours, all three men and rodent were back in Nezu's office.

His paws still propped up his face. His tie was loosened and hanging sadly. His clothes were wrinkled and his fur was clearly unkempt.

Tsukauchi had a stack of papers in front of him and a pen in hand. He was flipping through and marking boxes, writing notes in the margins and answering open-ended questions in the free spaces.

Toshinori had been the last to walk into the room. Aizawa had only returned a few minutes prior and had sat in one of the couches across from Nezu's desk. The tall, retired hero sat down next to Aizawa. Their small, one sided feud was put on hold as exhaustion fogged their minds.

"What did she say, Toshinori?" Tsukauchi asked, face pulled into a small, meaningless smile in a sad attempt to comfort his friend. It didn't work.

"She agreed to the four person funeral that could be hosted here." He whispered a reply, looking at his hands that he had folded in his lap.

"That's good." Nezu spoke up as Tsukauchi hummed and returned to the paperwork. "Tonight, we will tell the classes and tomorrow, we will have a memorial service via the press then a small notice about the funeral. By the end of the week, we will have everything ready." There was no mirth in the chimera's voice. It didn't crack under sad emotions. But it clearly showed the devastation of the events.

Aizawa glanced at Nezu questioningly. Having felt a gaze upon him, Nezu clarifies. "I have informed the heros on the scene that the mission is no longer a 'Rescue Operation' and is now a Recovery

one." He whispers.

The thick silence returns to the room.

Reporter

"*--Three bodies recovered from the Hero Raid that occurred merely days ago. The bodies of Izuku Midoriya, Hitoshi Shinso, and former leader of the League of Villains, Tenko Shimura, also known as Tomura Shigaraki–*"

Kurogiri's head snapped towards the other room. He threw his towel down and abandoned the glass he had been polishing, instead quickly making his way to the front room.

Dabi, Twice, and Spinner were already within the room. Dabi behind the couch, leaning on the back rest. Twice and Spinner were on the sides, the former with his legs propped up on the coffee table.

"*--reviously, the UA staff had decided to install cameras on the hero suits that would begin recording when the unusual environment and vital levels of the students begin changing. UA has released the following audio from Izuku Midoriya's suit camera. Warning: this audio might contain upsetting themes to some viewers…"*

Spinner sucked in a breath. Dabi leaned forward, further pushing his elbows into the couch.

The audio began playing. It had clearly been cut to leave out some of the more gory details, but the commentary of each individual talking about the discrimination and quirk-related hatred bestowed upon their heads at such a young age was prominent.

Kurogiri had known Shigaraki had had a harsh childhood…however watching his family turn to dust not knowing what was happening…as a child…must have been traumatizing.

Not to mention the heroes in training and what they suffered from as well. Shinso had been abused by everyone except his father because his quirk was Brainwashing.

None of the three ever flat out said it but some of the dialogue had led up to Kurogiri picking together Midoriya had previously hurt himself.

Compress had walked in on the group at one point and joined the group as they watched the news and listened to the audio.

Twice began to cry and laugh all in one. His emotions battled one another.

The audio ended with Midoriya and Shinso apologizing to Shigaraki.

"I'm sor-ry…we were…forced…to be…enemies… I wish…things were…different…You're both...so 'mazing...Tenko...'nd Toshi" Came the pitiful, scratchy and raw voice of a dying Izuku Midoriya. It was weird hearing such a powerful kid--one that had kicked butt whenever the League had attacked Class 1A–seem so small and sickly.

A thick, sad silence wafted through the scene before another voice spoke up.

"I wish…we got to know you sooner.... You're really cool." An equally exhausted and dry voice whispered. Shinso's last breaths echoed through the thin air.

Then after a few more seconds of comversation turned tosilence, Tomura's last words rang through the screen.

"*Your heroes…have failed you…"*

Twice and Oboro flinched back. Oboro felt as if he had been slapped across the cheek. The last few words spoken by each individual held such raw emotions. The teen's hope had almost been snuffed out, but they had persevered through the pain of dying slowly.

"*Wow…that was–"* The news reporter's voice cracked, she felt a sense of unsteadiness after hearing the audio. She cleared her throat. "*That was--can we each have a min-minute of silence for these three individuals who have gone--who have experienced so much in their lives?*

Please?" She almost begged the person slightly behind the screen. Having allegedly gotten the signal to continue, a minute of silence hung thickly through the air. The television was silent, nature was silent outside the base. The villains were silent.

Ex-villains.

Now that All for One was dead, they had no reason to continue being villains. They had either been forced to become part of the League or too scared to leave--All for One had threatened to turn anyone who questioned his authority into mindless nomus. No one wanted to risk that, so they played along.

They had been previously looking for Shigaraki, slowly searching the areas and other safehouses for the disgruntled young adult. However no one had caught wind of a decaying, light blue haired man. Now that the reporter had data proving not only was their leader buried under the rubble, but also quite dead, they felt dread seep into their guts.

All that searching was for nothing.

They weren't unused to death and casualties as villains, however someone so prominent in their lives… it still hurt to be abandoned like that.

Death forced them to become who they are now. Metaphorical or physical death was the question after that.

Twice, who was hyperventilating at the news, had begun to be comforted by Compress. Spinner was staring at the wall beside the television. And Dabi was glaring through his eyelashes at the reporter across the screen.

An inhale was heard from the other end.

The reporter began looking back down at her papers. "*An open funeral for four individuals who have sadly passed away will be held within UA gates–"*

"Four?" Dabi breathed out. "There was only three." He looked at Oboro, who had begun co-fronting with Kurogiri. They shrugged,

not understanding who the fourth person was either.

A hero? Another student? Maybe a stray civilian?

"*--e procession will be open to the public Friday starting at two PM. A private one will take place afterwards for people who are family members and close friends of the deceased…*"

Spinner turned off the television.

Compress, who had now moved Twice so the latter was hugging him, looked at Kurogiri expectantly. Dabi gripped the back of the couch, knuckles turning white under the pressure. He refused to look at any of the other villains.

Spinner slowly shook out of his daze and put the remote down, turning to take in everyone around them.

What would they do now?

Scars

It was now Friday. The public service was set up for the four people who had lost their lives.

Their coffins were next to each other. Hitoshi Shinso was on the far left, his purple hair still and face seemingly tranquil--it was as if he had finally found peace in his sleep. Purple, light blue, green and yellow flowers cascaded down around the lips of his casket, flowing to the ground. His pale body stood out in contrast to all the colors.

Next to him laid Shigaraki, whose corpse was left unaltered in respect to him. UA had been in charge of getting the bodies prepped, which included someone with the quirk that allowed them to take the scars off of beings who have died or take off the scratches littering abiotic objects. She had found a use for her quirk which included helping the morgue. In some scenarios, families couldn't have an open casket-funeral to say goodbye due to their passed relative's corpse being mutilated or severely scarred. Her quirk helped them heal to the point of allowing their families to see them peaceful one last time.

The scars on all four people were prominent and instead of using her quirk to erase them, UA along with the children's avalible parents decided that all the scars would remain.

Shigaraki had scars littering his whole body, but most noticeably was his neck and face. Those scars had signified his life, past to present. The heroes felt they had no right to make these people who had once been living, breathing humans, seem one hundred percent perfect in death. That would mean their death and their dream would be wasted.

No hero didn't have battle scars.

And even though Shigaraki had been a villain, he was also a kid who once needed a hero. And he had been there for two children who were scared, and alone in a building that had slowly been

killing them. He had helped them heal mentally, which was more than what the heroes could have done. Not all scars were mental too.

Shiagraki's body, although it had been one of a villain, held the inner remains of a broken, lonely child too. The same loneliness that had enveloped Hitoshi and Izuku.

His face seemed relaxed, almost kind, which was a big difference from his previously stressed and pain-filled expression that he gave during USJ.

He looked pale and fragile laying on the cot. His guard was down and his body lay unprotected if not for the casket's partial-glass lid.

Next was Izuku Midooriya, who, even though he had died asleep, looked in slight pain.

When they had found his corpse, his eyes were open, and a slightly tormented face had greeted them. It was as if the calm, quiet exterior of Izuku Midoriya had melted as the air got thicker. Pure sadness had overtaken Midoriya.

Pure grief.

From what had been seen in the tape, he had truly meant that he wished they all were not enemies. That he wished no one had been forced to fight each other. That society wasn't rubbish and could have saved their inner child when they got the chance.

His dying face had the grief of someone who had been forced into growing up too fast.

Of someone who had learned to suppress their inner child and become stronger.

They had managed to make Midoriya's face relax slightly, but it remained tense. No one would ever be able to completely free his body from the physical and mental torment he had endured as a child.

He, along with everyone else, were put in a regular white shirt and

dress pants.

Mrs. Midoriya and Mr. Shinso had agreed that suits were not something their sons would ever willingly wear, so they decided a more casual…a more free approach would work.

But this casual shirt showed off some of their scars. Midoriya especially had deep and thin scars running up and down the length of his arms. He even had some on his legs. It was painful for Inko to see the carved out flesh of her son.

The flesh her son had carved out of himself.

She felt as if she had failed her son. Her quiet little son who had decided to keep his inner turmoil away from her. It hurt, but deep down she knew her son would never have intended to hurt her. Yet the fact that he had remained suffering silently…that hurt her worse than any bullet could.

Finally, next to Izuku Midoriya laid Magne. She hadn't been directly involved with the attack. But she was also killed in cold blood by another villain. She had previously not been unable to have a proper funeral. And since she was dead longer than the others, no quirk was fully able to restore her enough to have an open casket.

Even though her casket was closed, Magne still deserved a funeral.

Toga had shown Vlad and Midnight where she had been makeshift buried, and then they contacted Nezu to add one more casket. He agreed.

Flowers flowed from every casket, and surrounded the path towards each as well. The flowers' colors framed the dead.

And in front of them sat chairs upon chairs for family members, UA staff, close friends, and overall anyone who knew the four. Both Mrs. Midoriya and Mr. Shinso sat next to each other. Previously they hadn't meet face to face but they knew of each other's sons. So they chose to converse about how good their sons were for each other.

They attempted to hold off their emotions until the private service,

where they would say their final goodbyes. Until then, it was nice to remember the joys of their lives. Though the pains of their children's lives remain ever present and meant to be discussed at a later date.

Class 1A remained close to the front, yet unsure on proceeding. They felt as if they hadn't known Izuku that much, and they felt they knew even less after hearing about his past. They had been shown the video after Inko and the school approved it. And they had been allowed to leave at any time during it.

Todoroki, after watching the video, felt an internal click. Everything slowly made sense. Midoriya had said he didn't fully understand the abuse Endeavor had put his son through, but wanted to help the teen. The fact that he didn't run away or treat the teen as glass stood out to the heterochromatic boy. The fact that he and Midoriya had felt insanely similar emotions within their lifetimes, albeit through different circumstances, had bridged their pasts and future.

Tsu, Shoji, and Mina stood off the the side, comforting each other. Ojiro, Kirishima, Sato, Sero, and Iida were all talking about some memories that they had as a class.

Bakugo was antsy, shifting his weight between his feet. His hands were itching and his face showed a pained emotion.

Because not only had he been a major bully in Midoriya's life but he had also been wrong.

They had made up and were trying to rekindle their close bond not even three weeks ago. Midoriya and him often battled insomnia together and this allowed for them to train in the middle of the night together to expel stress and bring forth fatigue.

Those late nights and early mornings allowed for them to bond. In fact, they had planned a full blown All Might movie marathon.

It had been scheduled for this Friday and through Saturday. But now the funeral held the slot instead.

Bakugo felt like he was about to combust with sadness.

The raid had been a failure but he had thought Midoriya would be persistent enough to survive. For as long as he knew the greenette, he had never given up or lost his perseverance. But after seeing the video…

The years of society's biases and hatred had crushed his spirit.

And Bakugo should have known Midoriya could never have fully recovered as soon as he hit UA. Scars don't just appear just as scars don't simply disappear.

Bakugo felt he should have done more to help his childhood friend, especially after they rekindled. Although Midoriya was a very introverted person, he also never told anyone about what was fully happening.

Bits and pieces were all he ever told anyone. Truly, no one could fully understand his pain since he never told anyone everything fully. No one could have done anything until he showed them his pain. And if Izuku Midoriya was anything, he was obstinate.

Finally, Bakugo spotted Inko speaking with someone who looked like an older version of Eyebags.

He looked back to his class before shuffling off to hug Inko.

Smiling, Inko hugged back and neither let go, even as she continued her previous conversation.

Jiro, Hagakure, Kaminari, Monoma and Hiryu all stood off to the side. Class 1A and 1B attempted to help them cope with the loss, yet it was hard for them to even wrap their head around.

They had been pulled to the side and told that they were excused from classes and any time they might need space, all they had to do was simply ask a teacher. Their mental health was taken into top priority as soon as they arrived back on campus.

Still, they couldn't believe two of their own friends were lying in a casket merely nine feet away.

It felt like mere hours ago they were back in Shinso's dorm bonding before the mission.

Jiro was silent, letting Hagakure hug her arm like a teddy bear. Kaminari and Monoma were silently leaning on one another. They would never speak of it again, and deny it ever happened. But in the moment, both knew they needed reassurance.

Hiryu stood between the two groups for a bit, but eventually was pulled into a side hug by Kaminari.

"I want to–" Hagakure's voice broke so she cleared her throat. "I want to see them…one more time."

Jiro nodded, her eyes glimmering with unshed tears.

The two girls began walking to their classmate's casket. Passing by, they saw Aizawa next to Shinso's and Shigaraki's.

The boys followed behind, glancing at Toga who had finally arrived. She bounced over towards Magne's casket and began sobbing. She mumbled about how she was so happy to have Magne get a proper funeral, yet saddened about her close sister-like friend and ex-leader dying.

Her wounds were still fresh.

They stood besides Midoriya's coffin in silence, not knowing what to say. But seeing the scars and slightly scared facial expression of their friend's corpse made them feel a sense of despair.

Izuku couldn't even be peaceful in death.

After saying their silent goodbyes, Kaminari finally broke away from the group and made his way over to Toga. She was on the ground next to Magne's closed casket and sobbing uncontrollably. Her hair was messy and her face was red. She looked tired and exhausted.

Silently, Kaminari sat down on the hard ground next to her and put an arm over her shaking shoulders, slipping her into a side hug.

They had all lost people they knew--people they loved. And in Kaminari's view, mourning was something better done with someone.

Toga apparently felt the same, as she leaned into the hug ever so slightly.

Rehabilitation

It had been about an hour since the public funeral began. People were paying their respects to all four people, though the majority didn't know who Magne--the fourth--was.

Toga had integrated into the small group with Kaminari and Hiryu. Together they congregated and discussed fond memories of Izuku and Shinso--though they hadn't known Shinso for long. In return, Toga went on long tangents about the crazy adventures that were filled with the crackhead energy of adults who finally freed their inner children. It hadn't happened often, but sometimes at three in the morning, a Just Dance battle would break out and become extremely competitive.

She missed those moments. In the midst of tension, she really did enjoy being with the League. She didn't miss the missions, but the company was wonderful.

UA staff paid their respects to all four as well as took turns keeping the press away. Mrs. Midoriya, Nezu, Aizawa, Mistuki, and Shinso's father all said speeches and funny stories to keep fresh, happy memories in the eyes of people who knew the dead. Toga was even asked to speak about Shigaraki and Magne.

Class 1A began sobbing halfway through. It felt as if they were missing a chunk of people they knew--even if some were villains that attacked them.

After the speeches, most of the citizens and community members who were paying their respects left. The press was now waning.

Mrs. Midoriya and Mr. Shinso stood with Aizawa, Vlad, and Nezu.

A gasp was heard, followed by the sound of running. Vlad snapped his head towards the footsteps, worried about Toga after hearing her gasp. His eyes widened and then relaxed as he took note of who it was.

Nezu nodded to himself.

The ex-villains had arrived.

Dabi and Spinner stood off to the side, next to Kurogiri. The nomu was now back to his original self for the most part, though his skin was dark and patchy in some parts and as his hair evaporated, the color changed, turning purple.

Aizawa felt the glob get thicker in the back of his throat. His eyes burned more than usual, yet his dry-eye refused to let tears spill. So I wasn't imagining it.

On the other side of Kuorgiri was Twice and Compress, both of whom held each other in a side hug as they walked.

Toga had spotted them and had practically catapulted herself towards them crying. They embraced her with open arms as she shook in both happiness and sadness.

Shigaraki would never have let her hug him.

The Pro-Heroes didn't even bat an eye at the villains who had shown up. Instead they let them visit their old leader and member in peace.

The League hadn't broken any laws or been remotely active since the building's collapse. Nezu didn't fear them, instead he had wanted to help them moreso.

After they made sure Shigaraki and Magne's bodies were properly taken care of, the villains slowly followed Toga as she leaped towards Vlad.

"This is my dad now!" She exclaimed excitedly motioning towards the hero. "He gives me blood and helps me feel happier! He is he best!--" She suddenly stops to glare at the somewhat surprised villain posse. "--But I'm not going to share." She crosses her arms over her chest.

Vlad blushes from embarrassment. The stares of previous villains boring into his skull also not helping.

Inko gave a watery smile at the scene.

"It sounds like he treats you well." Kurogiri says, patting the teen on the head. Toga cocks her head to the side, curious about the weird change in Kurogiri suddenly. She had noticed how his appearance changed but his personality was different now too. She felt as if she had missed something big…but she made a mental note to pursue the topic at a more fitting time.

She nods her head. "Yep!"

"And if he ever doesn't…" Dabi steps forward, cracking his knuckles. He truly doesn't trust Heros as father figures.

"We will beat him up! No we won't!" Twice finished off, bouncing up and down. His optimism and giddiness did not pair well with the words he just said. But he seemed happy for Toga nonetheless.

Aizawa and Nezu stepped forward. Compress, who was being abnormally silent, watched them near and tensed ever so slightly.

Toga grinned at the chimera. She had learned to play nice with heros under Vlad's watch. That didn't mean she sometimes didn't jab at them though.

"May I speak with you all away from the main ceremony for a bit?" He asked in the direction of Kurogiri, a small smile on his face--a courtesy smile.

Kurogiri stiffened, before nodding and motioning for Compress to come with. Nezu made no notion to stop the extra person as he began leading them to a slightly less crowded corner.

When they arrived they stopped to watch everything from a distance. Some of the class 1A kids had shuffled forward to speak with the villains and parents. Kaminari, Mina, Bakugo, and Shoji had joined and began conversing with the group. They watched as the villains slowly lowered their guards around the children, who were downcast under the circumstances, but willing to display that the villains were also welcome.

"I had an idea." Nezu began, turning towards Compress and

Kurogiri. "And I want your input. I will be upfront with you, this answer should be a group decision and not have an immediate reply. I would prefer you all to think about it thoroughly." His deep stare met the eyes of his two listeners. Kurogiri gave a soft hum, and Compress verbally agreed. "I was thinking of setting up a rehabilitation and reform panel at UA. And I would like you all to be a part of it. I'm sure you've all seen the audio of Midoriya, Shinso, and Shigaraki?"

"Yes." Came Compress's steady reply.

"They all wished for a brighter future for all people. And I know that some heroes are not the best for the job. I am also aware of how society's standards have strict biases against certain quirks. The panel I am pushing to install will help people of all backgrounds and pasts become whatever they wish to be--not only heroes. I want to have UA open to more besides the Hero Courses and Hero-related courses. Ideally, I would like for your group to teach children how to handle their quirks and learn to accept them as they are. I want people to know that they can be anything, and I want UA to be like it was originally meant--a place for everyone to seek refuge. Quirkless, or not, everyone needs to be welcome here. So my question is, would your group be willing to help me reform and rehabilitate UA--one of the first steps of creating a better society?" Nezu asks, eyes glinting with a fire only a passionate being would hold.

Kurogiri nods, "I will inform the…League of your proposal." He turned back to watch Kaminari attempting to braid Toga's hair while she braids Mina's. Dabi and Twice were speaking with Aizawa and the two parents. Tsu, who had at some point came over to the group, was talking with Spinner over a seemingly passionate subject. On both ends.

Compress began to crack a smile. For once the group had felt welcome outside of villainy.

Too bad it had taken the loss of two kids and a young adult for society to accept change. And make their dreams come true.

Nezu nodded, a good feeling set in his gut. He would reform UA. *He*

would not let the lives lost this week mean nothing.

The three began walking towards the group, silently observing the bittersweet chaos.

"Would you…would you all like to stay for the…private service too?" A small voice asked. Kurogiri turned to Mr. Shinso.

Looking at the group of people still sad over their friends and family members deaths, Kurogiri almost physically felt the sad, bittersweet thoughts flying through everyone's head. He knew Dabi, Twice, Spinner, and Compress would want time alone to send off Magne and Shigaraki. Individually.

"Yes, that would be good. Thank you." He gave the timid, pink eyed man a small smile, filled with gratitude.

Yes, everything was looking slightly better.

CREDITS FOR THE BOOK!!!

Inspired/influenced by "The Apology (song)" by Etreus, which can be found on YouTube! It is an amazing animatic and I love to binge watch it on repeat. The expressions and colors are freaking perfect!!!!

Inspired/Influenced by DarrylM who's comment under the animatic inspired me to add onto the idea.

This was an extremely fun book to write, and I hope everyone enjoyed it!! Thank you all so much!